# Saturday Night

*December 25, 1954 • 10 Cents*

*Art Gallery of Toronto*

*MADONNA AND CHILD: Wood carving by Paul Labrosse, c. 1750.*

## The Front Page

It may be true, as many people in the business of journalism believe, that little reading is done during the Christmas season, that there is too much hysteria in the days before December 25 and too much indigestion immediately afterwards for most of us to find the time or the inclination to give a printed page any serious attention. Like so many of the other working beliefs of journalists, this may be only a convenient exaggeration, and we hope it is. There is no more fruitful use of time at this season than the reading of the story of the Man whose birth we are now celebrating.

It is the story of a child born into a world of violence, of fear, of regimentation, of uneasy and uncertain peace maintained by the threat of powerful weapons, of proud ignorance and self-satisfied knowledge, of sterile orthodoxy and faithless religion. A carpenter and his wife had made a difficult journey to comply with an order of a big, impersonal state; they had come to be counted. The Mother gave birth in a stable; there was no room for the poor people in any of the houses or inns of Bethlehem. It was a world strangely like the one into

**COME TO THE FAIR!**
**By Sean O'Casey: Page 6**

Irish Setter Champion Ace Flyer of Aragon, owned by Gertrude W. Drew, Toronto.

# Judged Best... ounce for ounce!

There is no finer tribute to any dog than the judges' award, "Best in Show." Men who have judged the clean, mellow taste of Lord Calvert Canadian Whisky agree that, ounce for ounce, there is no finer whisky anywhere than Lord Calvert.

## LORD CALVERT

*Canadian Whisky*

CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

which children will be born on December 25, 1954.

But that is only the beginning of the story. The child Jesus, grown to manhood and spurred by the urgency of His mission, gave to His generation and to all those following, the keys to infinite wisdom. God's own rebel, he revealed the power of love, showed the way to freedom from fear, exposed the emptiness of those who hold power by force or cant, and glorified the divinity that is in each human being.

The illumination of His thought and speech gave light to a dark world. Men have gone on being fearful and prideful, cruel and petty, but only because they have chosen to stay in the shadows, shuning the light. The wonderful thing about this or any other Christmas is that, beset though the world may be by the same evils that moved around the stable in Bethlehem, no man need now walk the earth without courage and dignity. If anyone doubt it, let him find the time this Christmas to read.

## *Dr. Sandwell*

IT MUST have surprised a great many of the people who knew Bernard Keble Sandwell to learn that he was 78 years old at the time of his death. Seventy-eight is a venerable age, and B.K. was incapable of developing into a venerable figure. He had a sort of odd genius that exempted him from the usual tricks and betrayals of time. Everything about him was ageless — his quick mind and spirit, his angular, lively face, even his characteristic gait. He always crossed space at a trot, bent forward a little under his eagerness to arrive. Though rarely impatient, he was invariably in a hurry.

He was an original, and he had the good luck to flourish in a society that tends to be suspicious of originality. He enjoyed disturbing complacent people, and generally succeeded in making them accept both the disturbance and the enjoyment, because his ideas were always based on a prejudice in favor of civilization. He was an old-fashioned liberal and a strong rationalist who refused to be distracted by the claims of an irrational world.

He was a man of remarkable versatility —an economist, editor, critic, entertaining public figure and rewarding private companion. Whether or not he was a profound thinker hardly matters; certainly it was a question on which he himself would not have wasted time. He had the born journalist's capacity to concentrate instantly and completely on any subject that happened to interest him—and there was scarcely a subject that failed to attract his lively imagination.

It was in the field of high intelligent journalism that Canada suffered its greatest loss through the death of B. K. Sandwell. Particularly during his two brilliant decades as editor of this journal, he demonstrated his remarkable ability to dig, to relate, and above all to present his findings with grace, clarity and sense. This was his great gift, and he never outgrew it.

*Portrait by Nakash*

*DR. B. K. SANDWELL*

"I wish they wouldn't keep referring to me as 'ageing B. K. Sandwell'," he once said wryly of a periodical that made frequent reference to his activities. Certainly it was not an adjective that could possibly occur to anyone who knew him or worked with him. Until it was pointed out to him, it had probably never occurred to B.K. himself.

# The Front Page

## *Third Party*

IF SENATOR MCCARTHY gets around to forming a new political party in the United States, as some Washington observers have been suggesting he might, he cannot expect it to have much of a life expectancy unless he comes up with a new gimmick to give it some reason for being. His Communist - snuffling is doomed not so much by its absurdity as by social customs in the United States. Just the other day, for instance, one of his senatorial colleagues admitted that "a brother of the wife of Alger Hiss is my brother's wife's sister's divorced husband", a relationship that makes him a pretty ripe prospect for a McCarthy investigation. At the rate Americans have been changing mates and enlarging their families, it's not going to take many years to reach the point where somebody who once shook hands with a Communist will turn out to be a friend of someone who was divorced from a cousin of the second wife of a brother-in-law of one of McCarthy's relatives, and then where will the Third Party be?

## *The Careful Shopper*

OF THE CHRISTMAS shopper who seemed to us to be having the most fun last week was a four-year-old we watched in a downtown store. Unobserved by either her preoccupied parent or the distracted clerks, she proceeded up a handsome branching stairway where a fine display of table lamps was arranged. Impelled probably by a precocious housewifely instinct —it was much too decorous a performance to be mischief—she carefully flicked off each lamp on that side, made her way circumspectly through a maze of lighting equipment whose tall standards put the switches beyond her reach, and came down the other arm of the stairway, extinguishing all the lamps displayed there. Then, with a grave expression of solid accomplishment, she returned to the main floor and her mother's side.

## *Bad Accounting*

NO ONE CANNOT reasonably expect the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to do the job assigned to it and still operate at a profit, but one has every right to expect a decent accounting of the way it uses the public funds given to it. Yet it is clear from the recent annual report of the CBC and the statement attached to it by Watson Sellar, the Auditor General, that the Corporation persists in its sloppy and evasive methods of reporting.

It is only a minor deceit for the CBC to report an "operating surplus" of $6½ million when in fact $23 million of its revenue came from excise taxes and statutory grants. What is important is that it has scorned the Auditor General's repeated criticisms of its accounting methods—which means that no one knows whether the public funds have been well handled or not. Dr. Arthur Surveyor, the only member of the Massey Commission with considerable technical training and experience, suggested that the Commission could not tell "whether or not the operations of the Corporation are efficient". It seems that everyone else, including the Corporation's officials, is in the same position.

Mr. Sellar reported: "Weaknesses having been noted in the accounts, this office wrote to the Chairman of the Board of Governors on October 23, 1952, with supporting details and concluding with the words '. . . it is suggested that the system be carefully reviewed and appropriately

# The Front Page

revised and co-ordinated so that there may be no need to qualify the audit certificate in this regard'. Subsequent action by the Corporation not having been of a nature to remedy the situation, the manner in which the accounts were kept during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1954, was not found to be conducive to satisfactory audit."

The CBC suggests, in its annual report, that it will need an increasingly large amount of public money in the years to come. First it must produce evidence that the funds will be accounted for in a businesslike way. As the Winnipeg *Free Press* commented: "If, in its annual report, a company were to include an auditor's statement that 'weaknesses' he had spotted in the company accounts two years back had not yet been corrected, and so the books could not be satisfactorily audited, the stockholders would be justified in demanding an explanation and possibly a change in management as well".

## *The $100,000 Spirit*

THE SPIRIT of Christmas in the Fabled West: A department store in San Francisco has been featuring a Christmas tree made entirely of sables, arranged in eight graduated tiers and highlighted with gold and brilliants. This simple tribute to the season is valued at $100,000 — twice as much as the store's 1953 tree, which was made of mink. Plans for next year's Christmas tree have not been disclosed, and possibly are inconceivable.

## *Help for Inventors*

HEARING THAT examples of Canadian inventiveness would be on display at a mid-town establishment, we went around and met the organizer of the show, John D. Laun, president of Canadian Inventive and Scientific Associates Ltd. The room was packed with gadgets and inventors.

"Our principal aim is to help inventors to develop their inventions and provide legal protection and technical assistance through an advisory board," Mr. Laun said. "We make our money when an invention proves commercially successful—we get a small percentage. We act as a clearing house for ideas and inventions and also as a means of screening out the crackpots with impractical dreams who would otherwise bother busy executives.

"Most of these people here," he said, "are idealistic inventors more interested in developing their ideas than in making a great deal of money out of them. It demonstrates the seriousness of individuals in proving their capacity for creativeness. Now this is Mr. Arthur Dunn, who has some interesting ideas about cooking."

"I've spent a lot of time developing this oven that cooks food with heat but without air," Mr. Dunn, a 76-year-old native of Yorkshire, told us. "Air takes away all the goodness in food. This oven of mine is revolutionary, probably as important as Watt's steam engine. People have got to know about it before I die."

"You see?" Mr. Laun said, "that's the way it is. Now look at this paper clip invented by Mr. E. A. Burgess, who is a display artist. It can be used for almost anything, from hanging drapes to tagging merchandise—and it's also a very good paper clip. Here is a pressure suit with anti-radiation properties. The inventor isn't here, unfortunately. And look at this frying pan—it cooks bacon, eggs and potatoes all at the same time and each at the proper speed. Fantastic, isn't it? There

*JOHN D. LAUN: Clearing-house.*

are all sorts of people, perhaps 50,000 of them in Canada, hobbyists, gadgeteers and so on, many with good ideas, who only need the spur of a plan of action, and we can give it to them."

Mr. Laun, we learnt, had come to Canada three years ago, from Ecuador. Born in Dresden, Germany, and raised in Czechoslovakia, he emigrated to South America after the war. "Canadians have considerable technical ability," he said. "They should be very good at inventing, because they don't go in for nonsense." This was the reason, perhaps, that we searched in vain among the inventions on display for a better mousetrap.

## *Practice and Principle*

THERE MUST have been cynical amusement among the leaders of colored races earlier this month, when G. D. Weaver, MP, speaking as a representative of Canada, told a UN committee: "We have no sympathy with policies of racial discrimination wherever they may be practised. We believe that all member states of the United Nations should endeavor to bring their policies into conformity with their obligation under the Charter to promote the observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms."

Now those are fine and forthright words, and there will be few Canadians who will not applaud Mr. Weaver's statement. Approval of a principle and putting it into practice are two different things, however, and the Government of Canada intends to keep them apart—or so we must assume if the Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, Minister of Immigration and Citizenship, speaks for the Government when he talks about immigration. In his recent pronouncements, Mr. Pickersgill has made it quite clear that the Federal Government is dedicated to a policy of racial discrimination where immigrants are concerned, no matter what Canada's delegates to the United Nations may say about Canada's beliefs.

This, of course, is hypocrisy. There is no difference in principle between the segregation practised in South Africa or in the United States and that enforced by this country's immigration authorities; the fundamental concept is still that people whose skins are black or yellow are somehow inferior to the whites.

If there is to be any honesty in this matter, the spokesmen for the Government must be consistent. Either the parliamentarians must change immigration procedure or Canada's representatives at international gatherings must change viewpoints.

## *A Book of the Sea*

MEN MAY love or hate the sea but they can never ignore it, for while they are creatures of earth, it is something very close to sea water that runs in their veins, and it is to the ocean's timeless rhythms of ebb and flow that their procreative lives are attuned. So it is that they make pilgrimages to the sea from their high mountains and flat plains, and between times look for books that will renew for them the mystery, wonder and terror of men's relations with the sea—such a volume as that compiled by A. C. Spectorsky, *The Book of the Sea*, published recently in Canada by S. J. Reginald Saunders and Co. and in the United States by Appleton-Century-Crofts. From 15 million words of writing about voyages, battles, storms and studies of the sea, from Herodotus to Heyerdahl, Hakluyt to Carson, Mr. Spectorsky has netted a rich harvest of nearly 500 well-printed and skilfully illustrated pages. It is a book that again and again can appease the hunger of the landlocked for the sea.

# *Mother and Child in Canadian Art*

## *The Maternal Theme in Painting and Sculpture*

*Collection of Douglas Duncan*

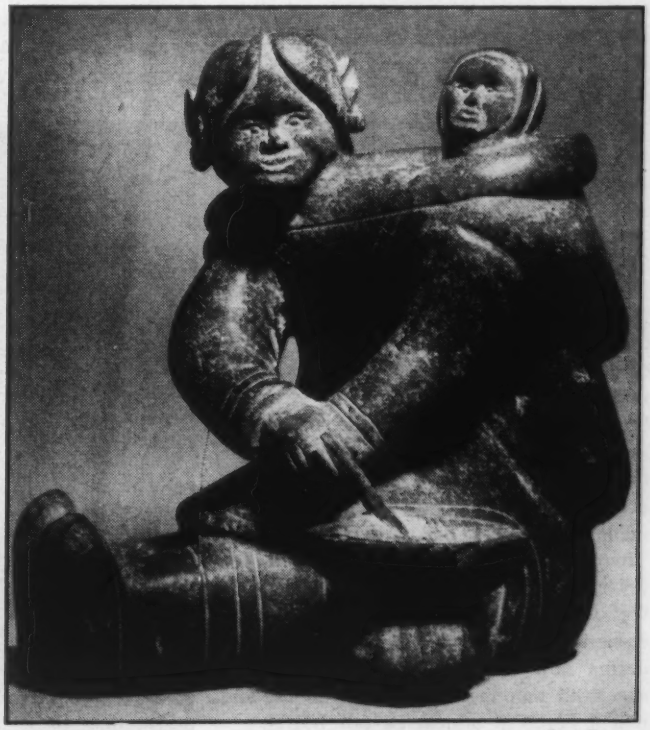
SINCE *the seventeenth century, the mother and child theme has been celebrated by Canadian artists. Modern painters continue to interpret it in new styles. "Mother and Child" is by Jack Nichols.*

*Collection of the Artist*

IN HIS *"Madonna and Child", James Francis combines an Old Master technique with a contemporary design. Modern religious art is finding an enthusiastic audience among church leaders.*

*Bert Beaver*

AN ART *of rare integrity still persists among Canada's Eskimos. Eskimo carvings are powerful in their simplicity and directness. Oshaweetuk-A's "Mother and Child" is almost religious in its serenity.*



*Bert Beaver*

THIS CARVING *by Munamee is in the collection of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. It reflects the deep-rooted domestic life of the Eskimo. Despite hardships, he expresses a happy optimism through his art.*

# *Philosophy of Despair: A Modern Sickness*

By SEAN O' CASEY

WE ARE IN THE FAIR of human life, coming into it or just leaving it forever. Lots don't like it; some seem to hate it. Most of the present-day poets, writers, and even painters, are bewailing it, moaning about it, mocking it all. Some imagine the human race to be near its end, saying "Oh, well, since we can never be better, let's welcome the end".

"We're worsted in the fight," sang Shawn O'Dwyer of the Glen, and a large section of the poetic and educated world is singing the same song, particularly the poets, the thinkers, the story-tellers, and the preachers. They sing the sad song of our decline and fall in a luty chorus, adding a death tune to it to make it more lively. They're hell-bent on wailing. Let's face it that man isn't able to make life worth living, and go, they say; for if we don't scram while there's time, we're done, and we're in for the fearful forfeiture of whatever dignity is with us now for the dreadful future prophesied unto us by George Orwell within the declaration he made before his death. If we hesitate to take Orwell at his word, we have the Kafkas and Koestlers, and many others, to play the same theme, with a few variations on the strings and the brass.

There is no prophet left to prophesy us good things, for by all accounts, signs, and informations, good things are forever gone. The hoary old counsel to Lift up your Hearts has been changed to an exhortation to force them down; down till the emotion touches nothing; all down, downcast and dismayed. This is the heritage that a hundred thousand years of life have brought to man; so many say and so many more seem to say: poor man. Life's walk from the cradle to the grave has changed from an angel's pavement to a crazy one. Mind your steps. There's no use minding your steps, for however you may watch your step, your feet will find no foothold. Hope has become a fossil, and probing minds are wondering now what hope looked like when she lived among us, walked with us, and had a home in almost all our hearts.

The pursuit of happiness, so long a ray of light to a man, is now a vain thing, a joke to many. Still in the American Constitution, it has been removed by novelist, poet, and priest from the constitution of life. Pursuing it, we are but rushing after our shadow; the more you long for it, the quicker you run for it, the swifter it flies from you, the more it eludes you.

Give it up, and don't imagine, either, that failure to catch up with it yourself may possibly beget a purpose and parent bringing happiness to others. Instead, we are charged, almost ordered, to change this clause in life's constitution from the pursuit of happiness to one of misery and despair. We have lived too long thinking we were men. The way to progress is not from ape to man, but from man to ape. Perfection, sensible people, is impossible, and it isn't worth while for life even to aim at it, to bring it nearer, to knit the aim into the stress and fortitude of human life, or to bring it closer and more understandingly to the life that insistently and inevitably follows our own.

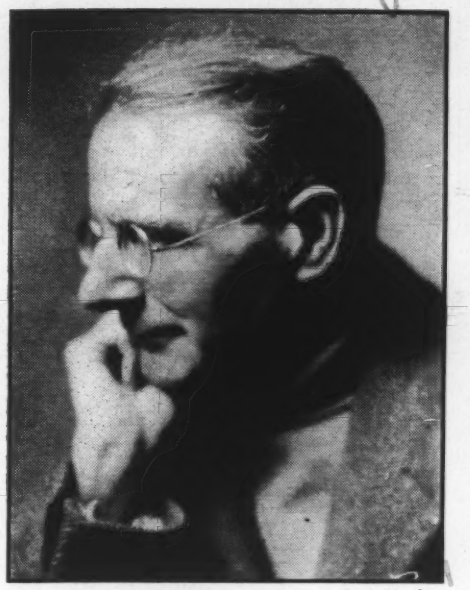
Writers and poets are going to the fair with their implicit and explicit warnings of coming woe and present despair. A strange gloom and a cursing seem to come over the writers whenever they think of life or of anything to do with it. They have rejected both Christ and Mithras for Yeats's earlier conception of where there is nothing, there is God; while the few who have kept Christ in view, stagger, rather than stride, after Him. They, too, are filled with the same gloom, the same dread, and their choicest idea of bliss is despair. Oh, woe, woe, to all who dwell in the tents of Israel, and woe unto them who don't! We're lost, all lost. Their only sense of life seems to be that of violence of one man to another. There is violence in most of what they sketch, from the Space Man in the Comics to the venomous and warring lassies of Searle's Saint Trinian. They show us all surrounded and beset with evil, and often something like a decayed death gives the first brush-stroke to a picture and the first word to story or play.

The gentle ones are just as sure of man's timeless imperfection. We'll never be any good. These gentler, sighing ones fix us all to the squirming cross of original sin or to man's inability to think of anyone before himself; that greed, vanity, and the lust for power are everlasting in the mind of man.

It began very early: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," wailed King David after he had done what he shouldn't have done. It's always Lent and never Christmas with these ones. We were born bad, we live badly, and we'll have a bad end. It's not, either, because of the paganism of the people, or the secular outlook of those governing the Christian world; not even because of the massed heathen in other lands. The Catholic writer, Mauriac shows us in book after book that the Christian woman and man are no whit

*Miller Services*

*"IT'S ALWAYS LENT and never Christmas," with the prophets of doom.*



Ben Pinchot

*SEAN O'CASEY: Lift up your hearts.*

better than those who couldn't tell the difference between a bandmaster's stick and a bishop's crozier; and the English author, Graham Greene, in story and play, says the same thing, whether he shows us life on the African coast or on his own in bonny-faced Brighton. According to these, no matter where you go, life looks lousy. It's an old mood, for even the gay Shakespeare fell to despair at times, and later, Prior declared passionately:

*Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn*
*And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.*

Of course we suffer, of course we mourn, but not always and not forever; no damn fear. Life wouldn't be the grand thing it is if we didn't suffer and we couldn't mourn; but though sorrow may endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning. No; we won't die with a whimper; rather shall we, when the time comes to go, go like soldiers, or, at least, as Shaw advises, try to die like gentlemen.

Even J. B. Priestley has become a minor moper, acting the part of the Thinker in the Wilderness, a mobled prophet sighing loudly in a wilderness that resembles the Waste Land of T. S. Eliot. To him scientists and politicians are, in a number of ways, responsible for what we bear in the way of anxiety and fear. So they are; so are we all. He calls the scientists "Grey Eminences", and deplores their hermetic seclusion within their own conceptions. He places on them the responsibility for the creation of the atom bomb, but seems to forget that they are responsible, too, for the discovery of nuclear energy which bids fair to supply a flaming substitute for coal and oil when we have wasted away these precious things; forgotten too that this energy will assuredly increase the world's supply of corn and wine; and furnish other scientists with weapons to conquer disease and fight back death coming before his time; and, most important of all, Priestley has forgotten that scientists have brought from nuclear energy such a dreadful weapon of destruction that it has put the fear of hell into all our hearts, and made every state in the world tremble at the very thought of using it.

The politicians get it in the neck, too; says he, "The world we're living in is largely the creation of the politicians, with some help from the bureaucrats they command. The ordinary citizen wants, not power and glory, but a quiet life. He has less and less control over the world. It is one the citizen never made. But whatever the ordinary citizen may say, the careerist politician is completely and happily at home in it."

A roll of drums after that proclamation, for he goes on like this for hours. And, say I, laughing, Mr. Priestley is wrong in a lot of places. It isn't the politician who makes the community, but the community that makes the politician. And it is men and women, with the help of God, who have made, and are making what the world is and what the world will be. We want a quiet life from war, but not a quiet life in peace. We want to get going, to do things, not stay still without breath of motion, like painted ships upon a painted ocean.

Each of us, too, desires to have an hour of glory in his life, a day, a year, or a life of it. Mr. Priestley seeks it himself when he puts a play on the stage. Those who clap and cheer a great thing are sharing in its greatness; and neither joy nor elation is of evil. Christ Himself suffered the huzzas and the hosannas as he rode through the streets of Jerusalem. And there are as many careerists among playwrights and authors as there are among politicians. We can't do without them. We are all politicians when we listen to a political broadcast and when we hurry or saunter off to vote, for man is a political animal, and his voice lifts up, or, finally, takes down.

We are getting tired of glum and gloom. A community can't forever stand on its toes; neither can it lie forever in a slough of despond. Let's have a laugh or two in the general wailing. Never mind, lads and lasses—come to the Fair, the dangerous, delightful Fair of Life. Through the desert places and the rose gardens. Come, lasses with a bow of ribbon in your hair, and lads with a knot of ribbons on your shoulder. Come you who can play a Beethoven symphony, and you who can play on the old banjo. Come to where:

*The fiddles are playing the tunes that we know,*
*Where drums are all beating the way they should go;*
*Hey, ho! Come to the Fair!*


*From the days of*

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# Letter from New York

## *Buck Fever Off and On Stage*

By Anthony West

AROUND MY PART of the world there have been a great many strong coveys of partridge, and the pheasants are plentiful and healthy. A couple of years ago they were all dopey with sleeping sickness, and, so the state officials said, dangerous to handle. At that they weren't anything like as dangerous as the sportsmen who were after them.

It seems to me self-evident, to use the classic American phrase for anything one has a strong prejudice about, that a man who shoots at something moving without knowing what it is must be (a) no sportsman, and (b) guilty of criminal negligence. However, the American Way in the wild woods is to blaze away at anything that moves, and if it's a man, why that's too bad. If it happens that it is a man, a curious thing takes place. There is a wave of sympathy for, not the victim, but the negligent hunter who laid him low.

The theme for the treatment of the occasion is the following formula: "A terrible thing happened to Ed in the woods the other day; he shot a guy". This is the form in which the stranger is let in on the incident. Condolences offered to Ed himself follow a similar pattern. "Gee, Ed, don't take it to heart, it could'a happened to anyone."

Finally we come to The Lesson Of It All. "It certainly teaches you the lesson," say Ed's friends as one man; "I'm getting one of those red fluorescent jackets next fall; you can't be too careful." The S.O.B. who earned himself Ed's charge of buckshot was wearing a brown corduroy cap, a heather mixture tweed jacket, light brown britches, and brown boots laced to the knee. He was just *asking* for it. It's true that nobody ever saw a deer in a heather mixture tweed jacket, or in boots for that matter, but let's not be unfair to Ed in his grief. He saw something brown out there and he had a perfect right to let it have it. Well, anyway, if you catch me later on this winter sporting a fluorescent red hat and jacket, it's just that I like a stroll in the woods now and again, and that I am fond of life.

I am fond of the theatre, too, and this crisp season belongs to it by tradition. It's the time for openings, new discoveries, and new excitements. Well, I am sorry to say, that bad as last season was, it was only a preparation for worse things to come. They are now here, or rather they have passed rapidly through and out. A very fine young actor, John Kerr, did his best with a play called *All Summer Long*, and two equally gifted young women, Kim Stanley and Geraldine Page, did theirs with plays called *The Travelling Lady* and *The Rainmaker*. If it hadn't been for the pleasure of watching these exceptionally promising youngsters at work, the plays would have been unendurable.

*All Summer Long* was about a house being undermined by a river (off stage, left). Every now and again the members of the cast would cluster on the left side of the stage peering at the base of the proscenium arch and the corner of the orchestra pit to discuss the question of whether the house was being undercut or not. Adult obtuseness was on the side of complacency; sensitive youth was Aware. Everybody left the stage at the end of the third act and the house was left alone, creaking nastily. It had not fallen into the river by the time the curtain fell, and I at least was considerably disappointed. (My standards in this department are perhaps unduly high, conditioned it may be by seeing, when I was eight or so, a performance of a melodrama at the Theatre Royal in Ramsgate in which Act I ended with the crash onstage of a Hawker Hart fighter. The dramatist built *up* from this point to a third act curtain that made the destruction of a single aircraft seem a mere bagatelle. But there.)

*Wide World*

*MARY MARTIN as Peter Pan.*

*The Travelling Lady* and *The Rainmaker* didn't promise any destructive climax, but no sort of climax came. What happened in a desultory sort of way was the development of character; a series of episodes followed each other which established a mood, and if you fell in with the mood you could see which of the people concerned were supposed to be nice, and which not so nice. But there was no sort of resolution of their problems, no building of tension, and no catharsis. It was like having a string of mildly plotted short stories about the same characters acted out as charades.

After seeing these presentations, I can't in all seriousness call them plays. I spent an evening talking them over with a friend who is concerned in a business which finances a great many productions every year. I said I couldn't understand how the obviously talented men who wrote them could imagine that they had any dramatic quality. My friend let me blow off steam for a little while and then twiddled the dial of his television set until somebody or other's "playhouse" came up. We watched a series of disjointed episodes drifting across the screen for some time, and then the thing petered out.

My friend turned the thing off. "There it is," he said. "That's the school the young writers are getting their training in—the plays you complain about are the result." The playwrights themselves are conscious that something is lacking, and most of them work hard at making up for it. Their television work is mostly aimed at collecting a mass audience by dealing with simplifications of ideas, simplified to the point of platitude. This makes them feel that what makes the theatre live is not the dramatic but its seriousness about intellectual matters. So in their straight plays they dish out profundities.

It would be all right if these profundities were dramatic, but the young writers are acquiring their experience in a theatre world that has no serious repertory. The classics are very rarely performed, and to see them the playgoer has to do a formidable amount of travelling. An Ibsen play is a rarity in New York, and no aspirant playwright under thirty has had a chance to see the body of his work in performance. It is all right to read plays but that is nothing like seeing them. The consequence is that the playwrights draw their ideas more and more from the fundamentally undramatic field of the novel.

*Peter Pan*, with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard, will certainly surprise you, by the way, and I would say very pleasantly. The show has been given music, and a romping humor that got over all my dislike of Barrie's woodlesome twaddling about childishness. It's the first Peter Pan I've seen that I can imagine a decent human child really enjoying.

# Ottawa Letter

## *The Possibilities of Agrarian Revolt*

By John A. Stevenson

AGRARIAN REVOLTS are an old story in Canada. In the 1890s a farmers' organization with the curious name of "Patrons of Industry" was for some years a source of vexation to both the Liberal and Conservative parties. After the close of World War 1, a widespread political militancy among the farmers resulted in the formation of the Progressive Party, which achieved the remarkable feat of carrying 64 seats in the general election of 1921.

A group of independent agrarian members, chiefly from Alberta, survived at Ottawa until the late J. S. Woodsworth in 1932 founded the CCF with the aim of creating a political organization in which the farmers and industrial workers could combine to secure a better deal for themselves. But the directing spirits of the CCF were either Socialist intellectuals like Mr. Woodsworth and Professor Frank Scott or labor moguls like C. H. Millard, and as a consequence it has hitherto failed to attract any substantial volume of agrarian support, except in the province of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Coldwell, the leader of the CCF, and some of his followers are competent spokesmen for agrarian interests in Parliament, but they have never received anything but lukewarm support from the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, which, until a few years ago, could claim to be the only effective agency of farmers for influencing governmental policies.

The Federation, which embraces a variety of lesser units, has always been strongest in Ontario and its main source of support has come from the members of marketing organizations of producers like the United Co-operatives of Ontario, the wheat pools of the three prairie provinces and United Grain Growers Ltd. But H. H. Hannam, who has held the Presidency of the Federation now for many years, and his chief lieutenants, unlike some of their predecessors, have never had any keen appetite for vigorous political crusades on behalf of the farmers, and in elections they have adopted an attitude of rigid neutrality towards the contending political parties. They have made their organization function persistently as a pressure group.

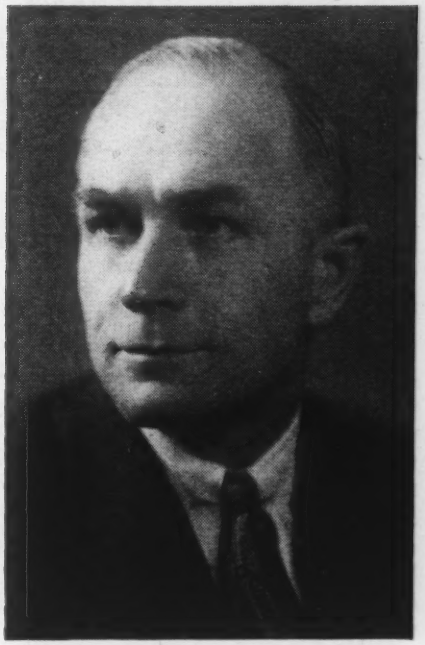
But the comparative passivity of the leaders of the Federation has been steadily forfeiting for them the confidence of many farmers, whose dissatisfaction has been fanned by the setback to agricultural prosperity which poor crops and falling prices have produced this year. Most of the malcontents are now to be found in an organization called the Farmers' Union.

The Union was started about six years ago in Saskatchewan by Joseph L. Phelps, a prosperous farmer, who was born in Ontario. He was a member of the first CCF Ministry formed by Premier Douglas in 1944, but some of his adventures as a Minister had embarrassed the latter so much that when Mr. Phelps lost his seat in 1948, no effort was made to find for him another constituency. So, chafing over his enforced retirement to private life, he proceeded to organize the Farmers' Union, which today claims 112,000 members in Saskatchewan, 40,000 in Manitoba and 30,000 in Alberta. In Ontario no accurate figures about its membership are available, but the President of the provincial union, Albert Cormack, who farms in Wellington, offers evidence of its growth in the increase of its local units from 40 to 100 in the past 12 months. It has also acquired numerous adherents in British Columbia and sympathizers in Nova Scotia have begun to organize.

At present the Unions are on a provincial basis with no connecting link, but the two chief western bellwethers of the flock, Mr. Phelps and Jake Schulz, each of whom has served for five years as President of the Unions of Saskatchewan and Manitoba respectively, are now busy with plans for the framework of a nation-wide organization and are said to have secured initial funds for it from the Saskatchewan Union. Their target in recruitment is set at half a million members, but even if they could only raise their membership to 350,000, they would be in command of a voting force that would have to be reckoned with.

Mr. Phelps is said to remain a convinced Socialist, and the program which he and his associates have formulated has a marked flavor of Socialism. So, on the surface, the CCF would seem to have the best chance of being the chief beneficiary of any move by the Farmers' Union for concerted political action. But Mr. Phelps cherishes a bitter grudge against his old colleagues.

The farmers' feeling of grievance about the high level of industrial wages will constitute an obstacle to any working political alliance between the CCF and the Farmers' Union, but the measure of identity in their programs may induce a considerable number of the Unionists to vote for the candidates of the CCF.



*JOSEPH PHELPS: Who will profit?*

The Liberal party has — mainly as a reward of its professions of zeal for low tariffs — enjoyed substantial support in the farming communities, but it is now being blamed for the present deterioration in the fortunes of agriculture, and it is accused of having been much more generous in its subsidies to labor and other interests than to agriculture. At the moment, the St. Laurent Ministry is the chief target for the criticisms of the Farmers' Union and, unless effective measures for pacification were taken, it would have to reckon with the desertion of a large contingent of former supporters.

Farmers, as landowners, have in the main a natural conservative bias, except in regard to their special grievances, and it was a recognition of this fact that led to the selection of John Bracken as leader of the Progressive Conservative party in 1942. But the experiment had a limited success and Mr. Bracken was replaced by Mr. Drew. Now Mr. Drew is a lawyer, with an essentially urban background, and while he has not neglected, when occasion arose in Parliament, to plead the case of the farmers, he has never shown anything but a nodding familiarity with agricultural problems. Accordingly it is difficult to see how an agrarian political revolt could bring much grist to his mill.

As for the Social Crediters, their control of the provincial governments of Alberta and British Columbia could not have been accomplished without substantial agrarian support. But they are at heart a conservative party, and such policies as they prescribe for the healing of the country's ills have little in common with the program of the Farmers' Union.

# Books

## *A Classic at Christmas*

By Robertson Davies

THERE ARE PEOPLE, of whom I am one, who could no more read any book that came to hand during Christmas Week than they could eat fish and chips for Christmas dinner; the great festival demands special reading just as it demands special food. At this time of year I must have something which breathes the Christmas spirit, which for me means the spirit of romance. And that is why I have turned this week to a selection of the stories of E. T. A. Hoffmann; in them I find romance in fine flower, and admirably suited to my particular Christmas mood.

It is not perversity, or a desire to show an unusual taste, which leads me to Hoffmann. For years I contented myself at this time of year with Dickens's *Christmas Books,* and some of Thackeray's, and bits of Washington Irving, but about all of them hangs the feeling of books manufactured for an occasion. Only *A Christmas Carol* can really be called a great story, and it is perfect of its kind, rising triumphantly above its obvious faults. But one cannot go on reading *A Christmas Carol* forever; my love for it has survived the radio readings of half a dozen celebrated actors, who attack it as though they were humoring an idiot, but even the most entranced Dickensian must have some respite. This year I am taking it with Hoffmann.

Do you know Hoffmann? I do not mean Hoffmann as strained through such ballets as *The Nutcracker,* and *Coppelia,* or through Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann.* I mean the man's own work, as he wrote it. If you do not, may I suggest as a Christmas present to you that you may find it as much to your taste as I do? It is German romance, not in its wild and silly manifestations, but in fine flowering. Hoffmann is for people who admire and find something of themselves in the song-cycles of Schubert and Schumann. It is romance, but not romance divorced from truth, or romance manufactured for the lovers of the grotesque and the horrible.

Elements of horror and grotesquerie are to be found in Hoffmann, of course, and it is not surprising that composers and choreographers have found inspiration for ballet in his work; but there is far more in it than the beautiful but simple-minded art of ballet can compass. A girl who seems to be alive and beautiful, but who is in reality a clockwork doll, seems ready-made for ballet; but ballet cannot show the horror and heartbreak behind such a conception. Offenbach comes nearer to the real Hoffmann, but does not reach the truth; the Hoffmann of the opera is a poet who is strangely unlucky in love, and whose Evil Genius is always at hand to taunt him with failure. The real Hoffmann was something stranger than that, and it is only in his own work that we can find him. Schumann, in *Kreisleriana,* gives us a great deal of Hoffmann in musical terms, but not everyone is able to hear or understand what his music says. No, if we want what Hoffmann has to give, we must go to the source—to the man himself.

Hoffmann has inevitably been compared to Edgar Allan Poe, whose work superficially resembles his, but both men were too great in their own way for such comparisons to be really helpful. Poe was a literary artist of extraordinary and powerful gifts, but humor was not one of his qualities. He could be witty when he chose, but that is not the same thing; humor was not in the grain of his nature. Hoffmann was a literary artist primarily, but he was also a musician of parts, who wrote operas of some historical importance, and he was a draughtsman of originality and charm, deeply influenced by the grotesque style of Callot. He worshipped Mozart above all other men of genius; indeed, he dropped his third name—Wilhelm—and substituted Amadeus for it, in tribute to Mozart. And the grace, the wit and the exquisitely sunny humor of Mozart is to be found all through his work, giving it charm and gentle melancholy at the most unsuspected moments, and brilliant fun where a lesser man could never have managed it.

The life of Ernst Theodor Wilhelm (or, as he preferred, Amadeus) Hoffmann is surely the key to his work in a greater degree than is usual among writers. He was born at Königsberg in 1776, of an unhappy marriage which broke up when he was about three years old, and he was brought up in his grandmother's home. His mother appears to have been kind, but was of strange temperament, and we may wonder whether this was not the cause, rather than the effect, of her failure in marriage. Hoffmann's father was, after all, a man of unusual capacities in several directions and became a lawyer of eminence. The grandmother was a martinet, but the principal martinet of that household was Hoffmann's uncle, another lawyer and surely the inspiration for those tyrannical unpredictable eccentrics who throng Hoffmann's work.

It is wrong for a critic to be too rigid in application of a theory to any artist's creations; genius and inspiration are too curious and inexplicable in their workings for that sort of thing to be tolerable. But Hoffmann's stories are too full of father-figures who are malignant, capricious, obtuse and full of legalistic quibbles for us to miss seeing them, or relating them to the conflicts in that childhood in which a neurotic mother and an unsympathetic and dry-as-dust uncle wrangled over the upbringing of a sensitive boy. Hoffmann took refuge, as some such people do, in humor.

*International Films*

*THE MOST RECENT "straining" of Hoffmann's genius is the film* Tales of Hoffmann, *in which Robert Rounseville (left) plays the great romanticist.*

His protest was not in open rebellion, but in jokes and fantasies. The monsters of our childhood may beat us, and discipline us, and lecture us, and torture us, but they cannot follow us into the labyrinth of our jokes and our fantasies, and this state of affairs has made many a humorist. It is significant that when Hoffmann was 24 he lost his first official appointment through drawing caricatures of other officials, who were supposed to be his colleagues. But men of Hoffmann's stamp are never really the colleagues of anyone who is in authority, and fails to see the humor of such a position.

He met his real colleagues soon afterward, and they were some of the choicer spirits of German romanticism. In their company he went, from his uncle's point of view, thoroughly to the bad, and wrote the music for several successful operas. When the Napoleonic upheavals made it impossible for him to be a lawyer and a minor official, he was for a time musical director and conductor of opera houses at Bamberg and Dresden. It is interesting, but psychologically believable, that when he chose to practise law he was an excellent jurist, and he discharged his official duties to perfection. But he was too queer a fish to be a real success in that world; a sense of the grotesque is a handicap to a lawyer, or a *Kammergericht*.

Hoffmann was at his best, and his most characteristic, when he was at work in the opera house or when, more than half-drunk, he sat late at night writing his romances, while his devoted Polish wife held his left hand; without her, dread of his own creations was too terrible for him.

It is these creations which I find so congenial at Christmas. The stories are wild, and grotesque, and filled with the violent passions and shocking turns of fortune which make German romance, but they are also works of genius. Paradoxically, it is not their imaginative power, but their realism, which raises them above almost everything else of their kind. Minute observation, an eye for the significant detail, a feeling for the horror which lurks in the commonplace—Hoffmann has these qualities in addition to the insight and spirit of a poet, and a grace and feeling for form which is his heritage from his beloved Mozart. Horror and humor are here in wildest abundance, but they have a homely and actual quality also which we may trace back to that painful childhood at Königsberg. "From my great sorrows I make my little songs," said Heine; and Hoffmann might have echoed him. He paid dearly for his share of genius.

Romance is the reading for Christmas. And it suits my temperament this year to read Hoffmann, careless of the fact that as Santa comes down the chimney he may possibly disclose the features of Dr. Coppelius.



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# *Increasing competition provides*

## Extracts of addresses

## delivered at the 88th Annual Meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce

**"If it were possible to draw up a balance sheet of Canadian conditions it would show a substantial surplus on the favourable side," said James Stewart, C.B.E., President, addressing the 88th Annual Meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce.**

In dealing with the general economic picture, Mr. Stewart observed, in part, that "evidence is mounting to indicate slowing down, for the time being, in the *rate* of our over-all economic growth. The commercial and industrial situation this past year is by no means depressed – in fact, if it were possible to draw up a balance sheet of Canadian conditions it would show a substantial surplus on the favourable side. However, careful examination of the record reveals a somewhat spotty pattern of activity with both gains and losses showing up in a number of areas and in a number of industries."

* * *

"We now are entering a period when business must, on its own initiative, test the strengths and weaknesses in the market-place. During the past few years there has developed a feeling in some circles that business fluctuations can be smoothed out, even corrected, by various monetary and fiscal measures. On the other hand, a skepticism continues to be felt as to whether government intervention can cope with all unfavourable developments. In a large measure solutions will depend on the kind and degree of problem to be solved. On us as citizens – corporate and individual – much will depend on the position we take on domestic and international issues. For example, are we prepared to pay the price for "full employment"–assuming the price can be estimated; do we favour price-supports to maintain floors under prices that otherwise would be brought into line with demand; do we approve of special protection for special industries in the light of our position as a trading nation? These and other vexatious issues, concerning which the people as a whole are vitally interested, call for early and *objective* thinking in the light of the re-emergence of a buyers' market."

"The agricultural situation this year has changed relative to last year. The picture has been affected in no small way by the capriciousness of the weather. An unofficial estimate of a 250 million bushel wheat crop for the prairies this year follows three consecutive years of crops over twice that size. Even the diminished yield does not tell the full story. The composition of the crop is even more revealing, as witness the estimate that a substantial percentage of this year's crop will be rated as feed. Manifestly, the difficulties of marketing a mounting grain surplus in competitive foreign markets is somewhat alleviated as a result of this year's outturn. However, any adverse effect on the income and purchasing power of the prairie farmers soon becomes evident and in turn affects, to some degree, the over-all consumption pattern for the months ahead."

* * *

"It is evident that we are in a period of competition, which in course of time may become more intensified, yet it would appear that the influences of a sellers' market during the past decade continue to prevail and consequently have made adjustments to competitive conditions somewhat more difficult to achieve. We are, in fact, witnessing the emergence of at least three kinds of competition: in foreign markets, where it involves some of our exports; and in the domestic field, where, first of all, there are felt the effects of imports from foreign countries, and second as between our own firms.

"Since competition arises in several forms, and since we cannot usefully separate our domestic from our foreign activities, except in certain specific instances, the question of protection looms increasingly important. One of the questions in the field of foreign trade that cannot be ignored centres on the extent to which we consider tariffs as a device to support the economy. Except in special circumstances, protection invites retaliation and for us this form of activity would be inimical to our desire for improved standards of living."

* * *

"We have witnessed these past few months a revival of the purchasing power doctrine – a very pervasive approach to remedying any signs of unemployment. The idea that collectively we can buy our way out of any downward trend in economic activity sounds fine except for one factor–the resulting effect on prices. It cannot be said too often that we function in a world economy, not an isolated economy, and hence price is a *key* to, not incidental to, our prosperity. Let us keep clearly in our minds that, in the main, the product pays the wages–the manufacturer acting as a middle man in the transaction. What can be paid out in costs of production is determined by what the consumer will pay for the product. Manifestly, it is uneconomic in the face of a falling demand to do anything to increase prices in the hope of reviving that demand. Surely this is the time for realism in our market appraisals."

* * *

Turning to the immediate prospects Mr. Stewart concluded: "Over-all I would suggest that the next twelve months will record a continuation of the spotty pattern that has been evident this year. How well or how poorly we react to the growing competition both at home and from abroad will of course have an important bearing on the relative success of our operations next year. However, disposable income continues to be high and there is every expectation that consumer purchasing will remain at a reasonably high level. Meanwhile, technology combined with the continuing development of resources suggests a steadiness in the rate of expansion of primary goods and ancillary industries. Investment opportunities should continue to be favourable and particularly in the construction industry it would appear that capital investment should remain strong."

**THE**

# *many challenges for the coming year*

**NEIL J. McKINNON, VICE-PRESIDENT and GENERAL MANAGER, after reviewing the balance sheet, highlights of which are summarized below, said in part:**

"The 88th Annual Statement records a year of major growth during which new records were established in many important aspects of the Bank's business. Deposits increased by more than $156,000,000 and total assets increased by approximately $160,000,000 bringing the total assets of the Bank to an all-time high of $2,058,000,000.

"The past year has been on the whole one of active business, although at a somewhat lower level than last year, and it has been marked by a widening in the area of competitive trading conditions which were becoming evident more than a year ago. This has not only been true of production competing in the export field, but also of business serving principally the domestic market which, to an increasing extent, has competed with imports encouraged by the prevailing discounts on other currencies. The sharply competitive conditions have made exacting demands on management, and have focused attention on cost control and increased efficiency. Much attention has also been given to control and balance of inventories and this, together with a levelling-off in the expansion of retail consumer credit, has brought about, in many fields, a lessening in requirements for additional bank loans.

"This year The Bank Act was re-enacted by Parliament following the usual decennial revision. Several useful changes have been made, one of which enables security to be provided over petroleum in the course of production, a field of finance in which the Bank has played a leading part. Another change was the authorization of banks to engage in mortgage lending under the National Housing Act under which, subject to certain conditions, mortgages are insured up to 98% of the principal amount. The Bank has also been actively engaged in this field.

"The balance at credit of undivided profits was increased to $3,647,000 of which $3,000,000 has been transferred to rest account in addition to a transfer of $10,000,000 from tax paid reserves to which reference has been made in the directors' report. The additional capital for which subscription rights have been offered to shareholders will augment the total of capital and rest account to $101,250,000. The enlarged capital resources will be an important aid in enabling the Bank to enlarge its participation in constructive developments and in furthering the continued growth of the Bank.

"Once again it is a privilege to acknowledge here, and pay tribute to, the loyal and enthusiastic work of all members of personnel within the Bank. The past year has been a very busy one and the whole-hearted co-operation of everyone is reflected in the progress shown in the Balance Sheet. With growing business and expanding activity, officers and employees have maintained a high level of service to the public which is traditional with the Bank."

## ANNUAL STATEMENT HIGHLIGHTS — YEAR ENDED OCTOBER 31, 1954

| ASSETS | |
|---|---|
| Cash Resources (including items in transit) | $ 318,359,590 |
| Securities | 793,918,331 |
| Total Loans | 874,881,279 |
| Mortgages and Hypothecs insured under the N.H.A. 1954 | 5,815,496 |
| Acceptances and Letters of Credit | 29,813,441 |
| Other Assets | 35,928,833 |
| Total Assets | $2,058,716,970 |

| LIABILITIES | |
|---|---|
| Deposits | $1,938,666,112 |
| Acceptances and Letters of Credit | 29,813,441 |
| Other Liabilities | 8,589,769 |
| Capital, Rest Account and Undivided Profits | 81,647,648 |
| Total Liabilities | $2,058,716,970 |

### STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Profits before Government of Canada taxes | | $14,896,379 |
| Less: Provision for depreciation on Bank Premises | $1,685,029 | |
| Provision for Government of Canada taxes | 6,807,000 | 8,492,029 |
| Balance available for distribution | | $ 6,404,350 |
| Dividends | | 3,600,000 |
| Balance carried forward | | $ 2,804,350 |
| Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1953 | | 843,298 |
| | | $ 3,647,648 |
| Transferred to Rest Account | | 3,000,000 |
| Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1954 | | $ 647,648 |

*The full text of the President's and the General Manager's addresses may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Head Office, Toronto.*

# CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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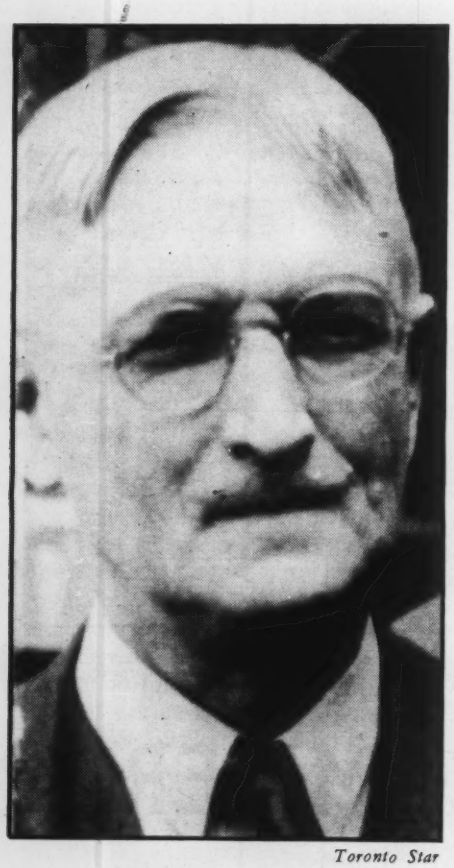
# *Hemingway's Apprenticeship: Interval in Chicago*

By CHARLES A. FENTON: PART II

THROUGH the entire company and atmosphere of the Kansas City *Star,* Hemingway had been indoctrinated in the necessities of accuracy, in the obligations of vigorous prose, and in the requirements of forceful narrative. It had been a school with high, harsh standards, rigidly enforced. Few such standards existed on either of the Toronto papers owned by the late Joseph E. Atkinson.

Atkinson's weekend publication, the *Star Weekly*, was in particular dedicated largely to the indiscriminate entertainment of its subscribers. It included a news section that was necessarily sketchy, but its primary function was as a weekly magazine.

The *Star Weekly* was the first Canadian paper to use American color comics. It exploited in full the reader values of an excellent illustrated section. It had several cartoonists, notably the late Jimmy Frise, who were as good as their metropolitan New York colleagues. More important, from Hemingway's point of view, the *Star Weekly* emphasized feature material on a virtually limitless range of topics—Atkinson placed certain flexible boundaries on sex and blasphemy—and bought most of its material, in 1920, from free-lance writers.



*Toronto Star*

*J. HERBERT CRANSTON*

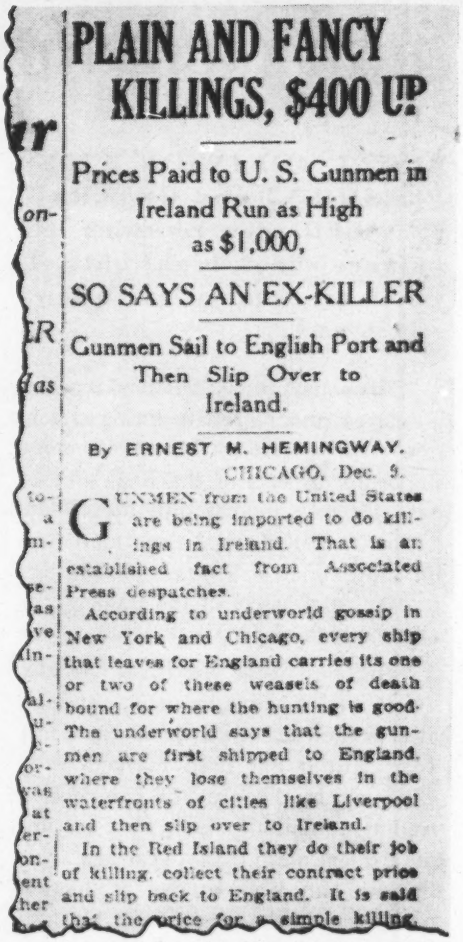
The late J. Herbert Cranston, editor of the *Star Weekly* in 1920—its editor, in fact, from 1911 until 1932—was a man of considerably more literary interests and judgment than his employer. Cranston's personality and values, plus his pressing need for inexpensive writers, made the *Star Weekly* a natural progression in Hemingway's apprenticeship. All Hemingway's gifts for narrative and for ironic impressionism were encouraged in such surroundings and under such an editor. Cranston, like the harassed editors of all such publications, guided his staff as best he could between the requirements of a semi-literate audience and the decencies of responsible writing.

Cranston was a mild, pious man. Reserved and serious, he was deeply committed to the personal conviction that through the *Star Weekly* he could do more than merely conspire in the creation of an enormous circulation. He hoped that in the magazine he could establish a worthy vehicle for young Canadian writers.

Cranston had none of the ascetic leadership of Pete Wellington. He prided himself on the temperate quality of his editorship. "I could not drive," he said later, analyzing the differences between his own editorial techniques and those of the men who were closer to the owner. He was content to function as editor in an old world, modest sense of the role, preferring even to buy his material through correspondence rather than personal contact. Cranston had, nevertheless, a realistic sense of the tone and treatment which were required for large circulation material. For a young writer like Hemingway, who had already learned the fundamentals of his trade, but needed the opportunity to exercise them, he could be of value by his recognition of work that would interest a broad audience.

There was a small literary renaissance in Toronto in the 1920s, and although the *Star Weekly* played no formal part in the movement—it would be ludicrous to imagine it as an agent of revolt or innovation—many of its writers participated actively in the attempt to vitalize Canadian literature. Their more serious work was often made possible by Cranston's ready purchase of their journalism.

Hemingway reached Toronto in the first weeks of 1920 in need of both encouragement and discovery. Cranston remained



**PLAIN AND FANCY KILLINGS, $400 UP**

Prices Paid to U. S. Gunmen in Ireland Run as High as $1,000,

SO SAYS AN EX-KILLER

Gunmen Sail to English Port and Then Slip Over to Ireland.

By ERNEST M. HEMINGWAY.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.

GUNMEN from the United States are being imported to do killings in Ireland. That is an established fact from Associated Press despatches.

According to underworld gossip in New York and Chicago, every ship that leaves for England carries its one or two of these weasels of death bound for where the hunting is good. The underworld says that the gunmen are first shipped to England, where they lose themselves in the waterfronts of cities like Liverpool and then slip over to Ireland.

In the Red Island they do their job of killing, collect their contract price and slip back to England. It is said that the price for a simple killing

*Reproduced from the Star Weekly*

*FINAL report in 1920.*

his friend and supporter during the whole of the young American's turbulent association with the *Star*. He never made any attempt to identify himself with Hemingway's subsequent successes, beyond a brief note in his *Canadian Who's Who* biography in which he listed Hemingway among a half dozen others to whom he "gave first publication".

"Hemingway," Cranston declared in 1952, "could write in good, plain Anglo-Saxon, and had a certain much prized gift of humor."

It was as a humorist, therefore, that Hemingway presented himself in much of his *Star Weekly* material in 1920. Humor continued to be at least an important ingredient in all his work for the magazine and, to a lesser degree, the *Daily Star*, during the next four years. His style and attitudes matured as he ranged experimentally through the various levels of burlesque, mimicry, satire, and irony.

Hemingway's first story for the Toronto *Star Weekly*, published on February 14, 1920, without a by-line, established immediately this satiric impulse. His ironic account of the snobberies of a Toronto scheme for renting works of art must have pleased Cranston, always searching as he was for wit that was neither too subtle nor too broad.

The war was a genuinely compulsive factor in all Hemingway's attitudes in

1920. His instinct toward satire had been sharpened by his experiences in Italy and by the disillusioning contradictions he observed in Chicago and Toronto.

Gregory Clark, the *Weekly's* feature editor and principal staff writer, who became a close friend of Hemingway during this period, observed this aspect of the young American with great interest. He felt that Hemingway was enduring a chaotic interlude of adjustment. "He was lost," Clark said many years later, "in the lovely confusion of trying to understand his past. He was trying to orient himself to the experiences he had been having."

Clark was equally struck by Hemingway's gifts as a writer. "His use of words," Clark said in 1952, "was precise, aware."

Hemingway's affinity for dialogue, and his concern with its accurate use, was plainly evident in his work during the spring of 1920. He tended particularly to rely on it in these satiric articles. On March 13 the *Star Weekly* printed Hemingway's acid portrait of the mayor of Toronto. When Gregory Clark summed up his specific memories of Hemingway's Toronto journalism, this particular sketch was the only one which still remained clear in his mind.

Mayor Tommy Church was presented by Hemingway as he appeared during an evening at the fights in Massey Hall. T. L. Church advertised himself widely, and was generally accepted, as a zealous devotee of all sports. Hemingway built the portrait around this aspect of the Mayor's personality.

"Mayor Church is a keen lover of all sporting contests. He is an enthusiast over boxing, hockey and all the manly sports. Any sporting event that attracts voters as spectators numbers his Worship as one of its patrons. If marbles, leap frog, and tit-tat-toe were viewed by citizens of voting age, the Mayor would be enthusiastically present. Due to the youth of the competitors the Mayor reluctantly refrains from attending all of the above sports."

In 1920 the importance of newspaper work to Hemingway derived primarily from the opportunity to write constantly, for publication, in a medium which required narrative that was interesting and forceful. By 1923, when Hemingway completed four concentrated years of feature writing and reporting, his compulsion toward fiction was breaking through the restrictions of the *Star Weekly* formula.

CRIME and violence had a special fascination for Hemingway, and, of course, particularly if it were of American origin, for his employers. He ended his 1920 association with the *Star Weekly*, in the issue of December 11, with a specific exploration of racketeers. The story was date-lined from Chicago.

It was his fifteenth article for the *Star Weekly*. The stories had averaged approxi-

"THIS IS MY DEN: THE NEW LABATT IPA LABEL IS TO SHOW THAT IT'S A MAN'S ROOM"

John Labatt II brought the secret of IPA back to London in 1864. Winner of more awards than any other ale, it is famous as a MAN'S drink.

Next time you see the IPA label, you know it for a fact . . . there's a *man* about, with a taste for a truly *man's* ale. A zestful and mellow ale . . . an ale with hearty old-time flavour . . . an ale with a fine masculine tang. If you've a *man's* taste in ales, you'll enjoy Labatt's IPA. Have an IPA soon.

"I HAD TO TRAVEL ALL OVER THE WORLD TO DISCOVER WE MAKE AN EXCELLENT SHERRY RIGHT HERE ... CANADIAN "74" SHERRY!"

"AND WAIT 'TILL YOU TASTE CANADIAN "74" PORT WITH CHEESE AND CRACKERS... YOU'LL OPEN YOUR OTHER EYE!"

A TRULY FINE WINE!

Bright's fine Canadian Wines
SINCE 1874

For your free colourful copy of "THE STORY OF PRESIDENT CHAMPAGNE" write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

# Cherry Heering

*Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818*

By Appointment
Purveyor to Their Majesties King Frederik IX, The Late King George VI,
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ESTABLISHED 1818
25 FL OZ Gold & 1st Class Medals 24,7%
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mately fifteen hundred words. The fact that they had been largely written in the four months between March and June pointed to a fairly consistent production of about five thousand words of publishable material each month. He had been aided in the formation of regular working habits. He hadn't made much money —Cranston said later that "his biggest check was $10" — but he had earned enough and written enough to legitimately think of himself as a writer and to feel that, given time, he could ultimately make a living through his work. This was a crucial step. At the age of twenty-one he could regard himself as a professional.

Hemingway returned to Chicago in the autumn of 1920, after spending the summer in Horton Bay. For a while, very broke, he shared a furnished room with Bill Horne, an ambulance corps friend. Eventually he got a job through a want ad in the Chicago *Tribune*. He became an associate editor of *Co-operative Commonwealth*, a monthly house organ by which Harrison Parker, a Chicago advertising man, was publicizing his venture of the moment.

Parker incorporated the Co-operative Society of America in 1919, and urged his prospective subscribers to "provide for your old age by investing in the great Co-operative Movement". He also promised an opportunity "to cut the cost of living through the elimination of profiteering on the necessities of life". Before an angry minority of his stockholders managed to bring him into court, convinced that his campaign for governor of Illinois had been financed with their money, Harrison Parker had acquired 81,000 contributors. From them, and through the manipulation of the funds in a set of allied trusts, he received investments of $11,500,000. The society was finally adjudged bankrupt on October 6, 1922.

The Chicago *Tribune* want ad made no mention of the Co-operative Society of America, simply advertising for someone to fill an editing job, with a box number. "Hemingway was pretty completely out of a job and money," Bill Horne recalled later, "until this house organ editorship came along". Horne and Hemingway continued to live in the former's attic bedroom at 1230 North State Street for a brief time; then the generosity of Y. K. Smith, the oldest of the Smith family from Horton Bay, enabled them to move into completely different quarters on Chicago's near north side.

Smith, a successful advertising man, was living with his wife in a large, old-fashioned apartment at 100 East Chicago Street. The flat had been sublet from Mrs. Dorothy Aldis, a wealthy, local patroness of the arts then travelling in Europe. "Big-hearted Y.K.," according to Roy Dickey, Smith's former copy chief at the Critchfield agency, "had promptly moved all his

*THE AUTHOR: Charles E. Fenton*

indigent friends in to share the apartment." In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the apartment now sheltered the former's younger sister, Kate, who later married John Dos Passos; a friend of hers named Edith Foley, a free-lance writer; Hemingway and Horne; and Donald M. Wright, another advertising man.

Hemingway himself was very fond of Smith. Wright conceived of their relationship as almost that of foster parent and son.

Smith felt that during the winter and spring of 1921 Hemingway had no clear conception of what he wanted to do, but a very real notion of what he didn't want.

"He hated the idea of a nine to five job," Smith said many years later. "He wanted his freedom. He had no illusions about journalism, but he'd concluded that it was at least better than anything else he'd seen."

In 1937 Wright published a brief sketch of the Smith group. He remembered that Hemingway "was trying any and every kind of writing at the time — he even fired out satirical rewrites of world news to *Vanity Fair,* to no avail."

Hemingway was completely serious about mastering his trade. "Will it sell?" he would ask his friends at the apartment, after reading one of the stories aloud. "Do you think it will sell?" There was a real irony in his concentration upon salability. While the others discussed art and the artistic verities, and urged Hemingway to concern himself more with the permanent value of literature, he was actually subjecting himself to a rigid professional discipline. He was dismayed and angered, however—as he has continued to be—by too much talking in large, vague terms about writing. "Artist, art, artistic!" he would shout. "Can't we ever hear the last of that stuff!"

"You've got to see it, feel it, smell it, hear it," he once declared to the group.

"DON'T DRINK THAT, ELLWOOD! HERE'S THE NEW LABATT PILSENER LABEL"

Tested by brewmasters from seven other breweries, at Mr. Hugh F. Labatt's request, Pilsener won enthusiastic praise . . . a light, dry, true Pilsener Beer!

Your first cool bottle of Pilsener proves it . . . nothing slakes thirst so enjoyably, so effectively as Labatt's Pilsener! Introduce *your* thirst to that authentic Pilsener flavour—lighter than ale, drier than lager. *Refreshing!* All the pleasures of Pilsener are waiting . . . treat yourself to a Pilsener soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

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FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

Nothing finer is shipped from Scotland

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FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
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Quality unchanged from generation to generation —since 1827

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BT-1

"THAT'S THE NEW LABATT "50" LABEL REMINDS HIM OF THE TIME HE CELEBRATED WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP"

John Labatt III, challenged by his brother to brew an ale to celebrate his 50th Anniversary, produced a great favourite—'50'. A lighter, smoother ale.

'50' just naturally goes with celebration . . . its lighter, smoother flavour, its golden brightness and body all have a way of adding to the happy memories. Plan to have Labatt's Anniversary '50' on hand for your next Special Event! And why not make everyday thirst a cause for celebration! Have a '50' soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's


This commandment, basic to all his subsequent work, is confirmed by Hemingway's own memory of what he was attempting in those months.

Wright, of course, could agree that this was perhaps one kind of writing, although he did not accept it as a total prescription, any more than it would have been accepted by Sherwood Anderson, the contemporary writer for whom Wright reserved his greatest admiration and who was soon introduced into the group by Wright and Smith, both of them former associates of his in local advertising work.

Anderson was from the beginning delighted with the young newspaperman. He was emphatic in his response to and predictions about Hemingway. "Thanks," Anderson said to his hosts the first night, "for introducing me to that young fellow. I think he's going to go some place." Anderson was already an important figure in Chicago's literary life. His visits to the Smiths were notable events. Bill Horne felt that the opportunity to talk to the various people who came to the apartment was "important to Hemingway's development as a writer," and he was certain that "the high point of those evenings was when Sherwood Anderson would come over and spend the evening with us". Hemingway continued to be polite and respectful, but occasionally he revealed a little of what he was already thinking. He was thoroughly hostile, inevitably, to Anderson's concept of unconscious art. Once or twice he was vocally critical of Anderson's style.

"You couldn't let a sentence like that go," Hemingway once said after Anderson had left, taking with him the story he had just read aloud.

"Absorption in his ideas," Anderson speculated, trying to analyze the impulse which caused Hemingway to satirize him in 1926 in *The Torrents of Spring*, "may have affected his capacity for friendship." Certainly there was no doubt about the intensity or conviction with which Hemingway regarded writing. One was either with him or against him. There could be no compromise or variation. As an attitude this did not encourage permanent relationships with other writers. His mistrust of Anderson was vocational rather than personal. His actual debt to Anderson was a large one.

Gregory Clark remembered that Hemingway read Anderson's work constantly in Toronto. Anderson was a spur, a symbol, as well as a tangible material prop, a promise that a man could write what he felt and still find a market.

*This is the second of five excerpts from "The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway", Copyright* 1954 *by Charles A. Fenton. Farrar, Strauss and Young, Inc., publishers. Distributed in Canada by Ambassador Books Ltd. The third instalment will appear in next week's issue.*

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

# The Literary Life

## *Last of the Nineteenth Century Liberals*

By Willson Woodside

I ONLY KNEW B. K. Sandwell during the last of his several careers, as editor of SATURDAY NIGHT. As a newspaper man he had covered the Quebec Legislature before the turn of the century. As professor he taught economics under Stephen Leacock at McGill (and enjoyed a weekly dinner with the famous humorist of which I have heard many anecdotes), and English at Queen's. It was in 1932 that he came to this paper; there can be little doubt, from the mark that he made on Canadian life from his editorial chair at the corner of Richmond and Sheppard, that this was his exact niche.

Writers from every corner of Canada, the more literate politicians, including on occasion the Prime Minister or the Leader of the Opposition, anyone with a cause or an idea, visited in the chair beside his desk, and were never hurried away except on press day. Often, while he was listening, B. K. Sandwell would idly twist his hair on one side of his head. It is a curious thing, but one of my boys, named after him, does the same.

Although, as a good newspaperman, he could work any time that he had to, his best work was done after the last visitor had left and the office quieted down. To accommodate himself to this he arrived late in the morning, just before eleven. And this in turn deprived him of a leisurely lunch at the Arts and Letters Club, but dictated instead a quick trip over to Simpson's cafeteria, where he was cared for by a kindly Scottish lady.

When he was sitting with friends or discussing an idea or a play, B. K. had all the time in the world. When he was on the move, he was full of impatience; he would seldom wait for the elevator in our building, but hurry down the hallway to the back stairs. Once out on the street, he sort of half-loped along, bent slightly forward. Top this picture off with a battered felt hat, pinched to a sharp wedge at the front; if he lost an old hat his chief regret was that it took half a year to properly "sandwellize" a new one.

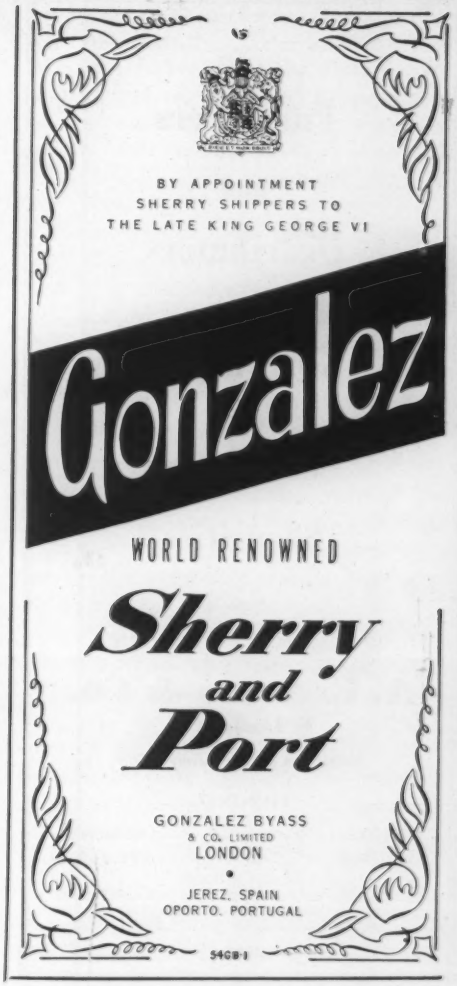
Though he was always engaged in controversy, B. K. was not in the tradition of modern "fighting" journalism. It was quite impossible to imagine him, for example, conducting the editorial page of the *Toronto Star*, which he was offered some time before the war. There was no sting in his "attacks" on other papers, because he had no venom in him; it was typical that the paper he argued with most was probably the one he most respected, the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

His favorite argument with the *Free Press*, in my memory, was over the constitutional crisis of 1926. In recent years he changed his mind on this, and became reconciled with Mr. Meighen. He could hold forth with equal authority on the theatre or on music, on literature or economics, history or grammar (who has forgotten "flout" and "flaunt"?); the principal interest of his last few years was in world population pressure. On many of these subjects he was known to change his views, for there was nothing dogmatic about him. His great charm was his scepticism; he was the last of the nineteenth century liberals.

WHERE B. K. stood on bedrock was on the question of civil liberties. At a time when others could see only the threat from the Nazis or the Soviets, he was fighting to the last ditch—or, at least, to the Supreme Court—for the rights of the Japanese-Canadians who had had their property seized and been deported from British Columbia. After the war, he gave his spare time for several years to the work of the Canadian National Committee on Refugees.

Having such wide interests and contacts, B. K. was offered many opportunities to leave SATURDAY NIGHT. The post which interested him most, I believe, was that of Librarian of Parliament. Later, towards the end of the war, Mr. King offered him the newly-created post of chairmanship of the board of the CBC, at nearly double the salary he was receiving, but his friends prevailed upon him to avoid such a position of stress and strain. In January, 1949 he told me in great excitement: "Mr. King has offered me his memoirs". What happened there, I never learned. Then on the point of retirement from SATURDAY NIGHT, B. K. several times expressed to me his feeling that Mackenzie King *might* have made him a senator.

Of course, he didn't retire, but stayed here four years more. It is my particular regret that he didn't spend this time on the book that he would have done so well: "Canada in the Mackenzie King Era".




### *10954H*

Symbols and markings . . . Through a thousand screenings
The signs persist. Shards of a primitive
Frail race that lived, and when it ceased to live
Left ashen words. We have not traced the meanings.

*Love dream song pain* . . . the archaic characters
Recur: in rock, in muck, in borings taken
From primal stone. Charred words and lines and flaken
Fossilate leaves, and veins of ashen verse.

No key to meaning. But the thing is certain.
They lived. Existed. Were. The Sacred Ash
Enfolds a world that was—before the Flash,
The Cloud, the Flame, the Holocaust, the Curtain . . .

Think, now. They must have seen the Godhead rising!
For one caught shivering breath . . . they must have *known* . . .
The singing done. The word made crumbling stone.
And all, all, all the records past revising.

CHARLES BRUCE

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**and**
**Distributors**
**of**
**Government**
**and**
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**A. E. Ames & Co.**
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*Business Established 1889*
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CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

**CALVIN BULLOCK**
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**McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED**

**PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 34**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending December 31, 1954, payable January 20, 1955 to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1954.

By Order of the Board

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.
Secretary

# *Chess Problem*

## By "Centaur"

IN 1886, B. G. Laws shared in the production of the *Chess Problem Text Book,* and a year or two later became problem editor of *Chess Monthly,* a post he held for ten years. His *Two-Move Chess Problem* appeared in 1890.

When the noted Yorkshireman, James Rayner, died in 1898, Laws followed on as problem editor of the *British Chess Magazine* and held that post until his death in September, 1931.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 96.

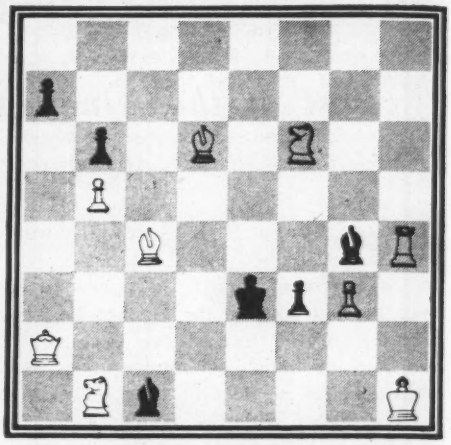
Key-move 1.R-Q6, threatening 2.QxR mate. If KxR; 2.Q-B7 mate. If BxR; 2.Q-Kt7 mate. If RxR; 2.Kt-Kt4 mate. If R-Q5; 2.R-K6 mate. If R else; 2.B-R2 mate. If K-Q5; 2.QxR mate.

This is beautiful triple-sacrifice key, giving a second flight. Note that R-Q5 does not permit a dual mate by 2.B-R2.

S. A. K. Logan, Sarnia, Ontario, has pointed out that No. 89 also answers to 1.R-B6.

PROBLEM NO. 97, by B. G. Laws.

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

# *For the Holly Days*

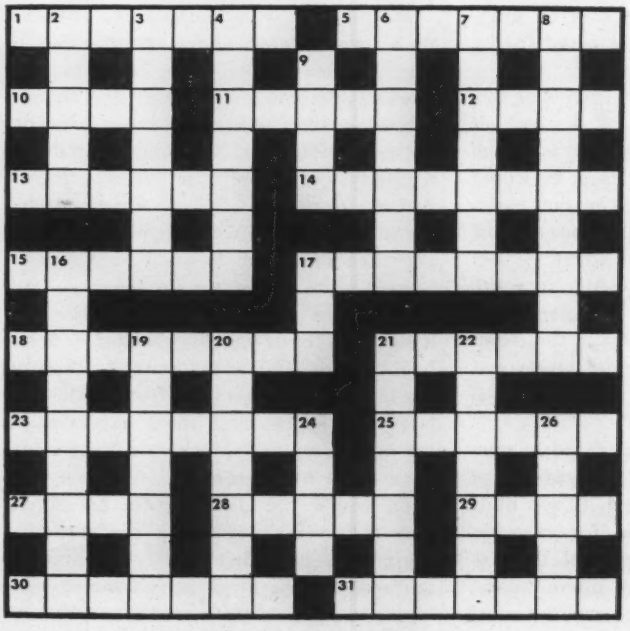
## By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

**ACROSS**

1. See 30.
5. Mother, did she hop tins when crazy, the old witch? (7)
10. See 11.
11, 10. He's abroad, perhaps, for Christmas dinner. (5,4)
12. There's point to this, even if you have to drive it home. (4)
13. Go inside Alma! It's cold up here! (6)
14, 9. You'll be stuffed at Christmas by their stuffing. (8,4)
15. "I . . . up!" as Santa might wearily remark on 25, 17 down. (6)
17. 17 down by itself. (3,2,3)
18. Let's pray over this—with strings attached. (8)
21. One well oiled by Morgiana? (6)
23. All are with us at the start—I carry on. (8)
25, 17 down. This is one of many for Marciano. (6,3)
27. In case you find a needle. (4)
28. The heir? He isn't here!—(5)
29. —At home, perhaps? No! He isn't there either! (4)
30, 1, 8. Carol, but Carol of Romania wasn't one of them. (2,5,5,2,6,3)
31. Saw Lisa drinking it at Christmas. (7)

**DOWN**

2. What . . . in are . . . for Christmas, as the poultry farmer might say (5)
3. Children of Olympus? (7)
4. One naturally has to be to walk the plank. (2,5)
6. Book that's never up-to-date. (7)
7. Play? 'pon my word! In that suit? (7)
8. See 30.
9. See 14.
16. It's the berries for getting buss-boys under. (9)
17. See 25.
19. Slut! Oh I find her so clumsy! (7)
20. An apostle changed two of his letters to make one. (7)
21. Jerome Kern's Dior. (7)
22. They may carry presents expressly for you. (3-4)
24. What's the matter with 'ouis Crerar? (4)
26. I am on to her! (5)



## Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

**ACROSS**

1. Significant
9. Recover
10. Fistula
11. Uncertain
12. Naked
13. Tropics
15. Sneered
17. Behests
19. Mascara
21. Genie
23. Lilac tree
25. Arbiter
26. Recants
27. Buried alive

**DOWN**

1. Sackcloth
2. Giver
3. Inroads
4. Infants
5. Absentees
6. Trunk
7. Proust
8. Candid
14. Inspector
16. Rearrange
17. Beggar
18. Splurge
19. Malaria
20. Averse
22. Nabob
24. Cacti

(345)

# Business

# *Natural Gas Development Prospects Improve*

By W. P. SNEAD

IT IS NOW NEARLY eight years since commercial oil was first discovered at Leduc. In the intervening years, exploration for oil has been extended from British Columbia eastward to Manitoba. The production and potential output, far in excess of the needs of the Prairie Provinces, soon brought plans for the construction of pipelines and now Western oil is delivered by pipeline to Vancouver in the west and to refining plants at Sarnia in the east.

As drilling activity spread out, great fields of natural gas were discovered but here the tide of progress, which saw oil carried swiftly to market by private enterprise, has been dammed by government intervention. For years the efforts of the oil companies, with great sums of capital locked up in idle gas fields, to bring their gas to market has been nullified by the interventions and delays of various government groups and regulatory bodies.

Two main projects, to bring natural gas East to the great markets of Ontario and Western Quebec, and to serve British Columbia and the northwestern States, have been subjected to constant discussion and delay.

The main problems of the line to the East were resolved when, by government intervention, it was decreed that the line should follow an "all Canadian" route over the head of the lakes to Toronto. The two main companies, which had competed for the right to build this line, were forced to merge to obtain a Federal franchise to build the line.

This franchise was given with the contingent clause that the financing of the $300 million project was to be completed by the end of 1954. There seems little doubt that this period will be extended, for a great deal of the delay in the completion of the financing plans can be attributed to the narrow policies of the Alberta Government. Only recently was a permit given to the Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. to build a gathering system. The company will also undertake a study of feeder line costs and tariffs.

With Trans-Canada offering 14 cents per 1,000 cu.ft. at the Saskatchewan border, the costs of delivery to the transcontinental line must be known by producers before wellhead prices and contracts with Trans-Canada can be arrived at.

It is now almost a theoretical argument as to whether the engineering and economics of pipelines, without government intervention, would have placed the Eastern portion of the line parallel to that followed by the Interprovincial oil line and thus opened up more extensive markets for the gas. Construction and transmission costs would undoubtedly be far lower than those of a line built through the difficult regions to the north of the Great Lakes.

In the meantime, some of the markets along the route have achieved alternate sources of supply. The Winnipeg and Central Gas Company is supplying its customers with a propane-air fuel, while large industrial users have installed their own propane storage tanks. In Ontario, gas users in the Toronto area are being supplied from American sources.

The question uppermost in the minds of many observers is whether Western gas can be delivered in Ontario at competitive rates with American gas or low enough to take any markets from the fiercely competitive fuel oil suppliers. It appears at present that only some form of Federal subsidy and construction guarantee will make Western gas a competitive and feasible proposition.

The story of the other project, the Westcoast Transmission, is one of alternate hope and disappointment. It took until 1952 for the Alberta Government to authorize the export of gas from the Peace River district where more than 4 trillion cubic feet of gas have been developed by the companies operating in that area.

After long hearings the Federal Power Commission, the governing body in the United States, awarded the coveted franchise to supply the Pacific Northwest market to the competing Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corp. last June.

Now it is stated that the two projects will join forces with Westcoast to supply 300 million cu.ft. daily to the American line. Until the Federal Power Commission rules on the agreement, which may take considerable time and delay the financing of the $100 million project, the prospects for Westcoast are still vague.

Still, there is more hope now that in the not too distant future the dreary tale of government delay and intervention will end, and the great natural gas resources of our north and west will be brought to market instead of lying idle or going to waste.

*Petroleum Press Service*

GORDON R. BALL

ARTHUR C. JENSEN

# NORMAL GROWTH RESUMING FOR CANADA, SAYS GORDON BALL, B of M PRESIDENT

## Banker Sees Overseas Competition Part Of World-trade Expansion in Canada's Long-term Interests

### ARTHUR JENSEN, GENERAL MANAGER, REPORTS NEW RECORDS FOR DEPOSITS, LOANS, ASSETS — SHAREHOLDERS' FUNDS HIGHEST IN CANADIAN BANKING HISTORY

Weighing the positive and negative aspects of the Canadian business scene, Gordon Ball told Bank of Montreal shareholders that he looked for "a gradual resumption of normal growth" after the mild recession of the past year. The B of M president, speaking at his bank's 137th annual meeting, said he believed "the much-talked-of recession is itself receding."

Mr. Ball touched on a number of Canada's pressing problems in both domestic and foreign trade. He expressed the belief that, while competition from abroad was cutting into export and home markets alike, "it is, objectively viewed, another side of the world-trade expansion that is in Canada's long-term interests."

Mr. Ball pointed out that the U.S. and Canada have the highest and second highest standards of living in the world and want to keep these standards. He said, however, "North America could become, and indeed there are signs that in some respects it is tending to become, an area of high costs that is being by-passed by the currents of international trade.

"High labor costs need not price a product out of the market if the cost per unit can be kept low. But the situation does pose a practical problem. The need to increase efficiency and reduce unit costs is a matter in which labor has an interest that is certainly not less than the interest of management.

"It must never be forgotten," Mr. Ball said, "that in the continuing effort to offset higher wages by higher productivity, the final arbiter is the order book."

#### Ground Gained by Overseas Countries

Mr. Ball pointed out that, per capita, Canada conducts a larger amount of external trade than any other country and that it is with the broad world trading environment that Canadian business must be constantly concerned. It is in this area, Mr. Ball said, "that events have taken a particularly dynamic turn.

"From the experience of the post-war period it had come to be widely believed, and indeed feared, that whenever the United States caught cold, Western Europe and the sterling area would take pneumonia. The record now shows beyond doubt that the mild malaise suffered by the U.S. and Canada during the past year did not prove contagious to the rest of the free world. In fact, quite the contrary. In the face of diminishing production on this side of the Atlantic, industrial output in most Western European countries has continued to mount to new records."

Discussing business conditions in Canada, Mr. Ball noted that, while it is doubtful whether Canada's national output in 1954 will equal that of the preceding year, he saw heartening indications that the much-talked-of recession was itself receding. "While there are no signs on the horizon of a rapid quickening of activity," he said, "current conditions appear to contain the ingredients for a gradual resumption of normal growth."

#### Highest Shareholders' Funds

Arthur C. Jensen, general manager, in presenting the 137th annual statement to shareholders reported that, in view of the continued growth of the bank's business, the capital structure was being enlarged by the issue of 900,000 additional shares. Upon completion of the new stock issue paid-up capital will stand at $45 million and the rest account at $90 million. Aggregate capital funds of $135 million will be the highest in Canadian banking history.

Mr. Jensen said that the past year had shown steady progress in all departments, resulting in new high levels for total assets, loans and deposits. Net earnings of $7,344,274, showed a moderate increase over 1953.

Referring to the revision to the Bank Act earlier this year, the speaker said it was "an event of considerable importance, crystallizing as it does the legal framework in which the banks will operate for the next ten years."

"On the whole," he said, "the results of the revision proceedings as embodied in the new Bank Act were constructive and progressive. The powers contained in the Act, if applied with due regard to sound banking principles and practices, should ensure a continuation of the flexible and effective banking structure to which this country has long been accustomed."

#### Business Shows Soundness of Post-War Expansion

In concluding his review of business conditions, Mr. Jensen said, "The main adverse feature of the year has, without doubt, been the decline in export trade, reflecting principally, the contraction of overseas markets for wheat. Yet in spite of slower external sales, the economy has shown strong internal resilience.

"Although employment and earnings were reduced in some areas, they remained encouragingly high for the country as a whole. I feel that the manner in which Canada has resisted the impact of reduced export demand speaks well for the soundness of its post-war expansion and for the prospects ahead."

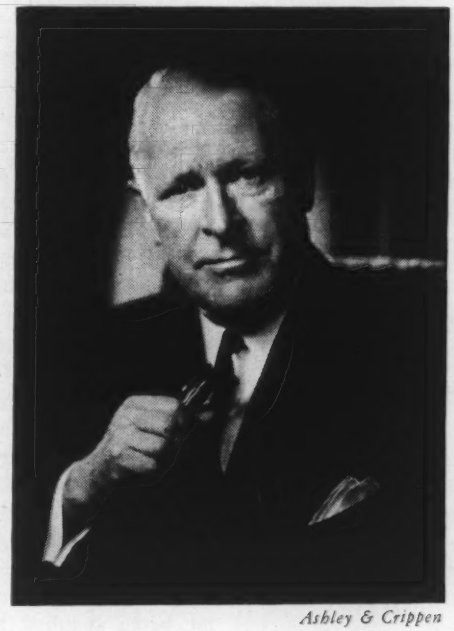
Mr. Jensen spoke highly of the competence and spirit of the 11,000 men and women who comprise the bank's staff. He pointed out that the steady growth of the bank, together with the various new banking developments which had lately taken place, lent added point to the tribute which he wished to pay them for their faithful and efficient work during the year.

# Who's Who in Business

## *Opportunity and Incentive*

By John Irwin

THE NEW Toronto-Dominion Bank, which, with total assets of more than $1,131 million, will be the fourth largest chartered bank in Canada, is to have as its first president Albert Clifford Ashforth, at present vice-president and general manager of the Dominion Bank. Of Mr. Ashforth an associate says: "He has earned the important position he occupies for he has always been a conscientious and hard worker. He is liked and respected by bank associates and customers alike for his kindly manner and his great ability."



*Ashley & Crippen*

*ALBERT C. ASHFORTH*

Born in Toronto on March 6, 1893, one of seven children, he attended Palmerston Avenue public school and Harbord Collegiate. His mother's early widowhood forced him to start work when 16 years old as a junior in the Bank of Hamilton (which later amalgamated with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.) After nine months he resigned and joined the Dominion Bank, with which he has served continuously since. "The reason for the change," he says, "is that I was impressed by a teller at the Bloor and Bathurst branch of the Dominion Bank. He was always so polite that I felt there must be a wonderful *esprit de corps* among the staff. Besides, I could earn $250 a year instead of $200."

In his early days he worked alongside Robert Rae, then a teller, now president of the bank and who is to be vice-chairman of the new bank. Young Ashforth was transferred to the Toronto branch in 1913 as savings ledger-keeper. In this position he ran up an all-time record of 21 "first-shot" balances. "I do not recall ever making an error in addition, subtraction or a transposition and I thought I would never be taken off ledgers."

In 1921, however, he was appointed secretary to the general manager and became supervisor eight years later. He was promoted to be manager of the main office ("my first branch as manager") in 1934; he became assistant general manager in 1946, general manager in 1948 and has held his present status since 1951.

Of medium height, sturdily built, with a crisp alertness and an affable manner, Mr. Ashforth works in a comfortably furnished office on the ninth floor of the Dominion Bank head office in downtown Toronto. Prominent is a painting by Manly MacDonald, "my favorite artist".

He married the former Annetta Lillian Ross of Mount Albert, Ont., in 1921: "We were the first couple to be married in the church instead of a house, as was the custom in that town". They have two sons; the elder is studying to become a chartered accountant, while the other is with the Royal Bank of Canada in Montevideo. They have three grandchildren. He is fond of "doing a bit of gardening"; petunias are favored — "I plant them in every spot I can find". He prefers to read biographies, but financial papers and keeping up with current events absorb so much of his time that he finds little time to read fiction "in spite of a strong effort on the part of my wife to have me do so".

He is fond of golf (which he plays "for exercise" from a handicap of 23) and (with his wife) figure skating. In his youth he was a baseball player and led the Toronto Financial League in batting with .404. He stopped skiing a few years ago when he realized "after a nasty tumble" that it was a young man's game.

He is a senior freemason, being a member of the Board of General Purposes of the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario and a Past Master and charter member of Rowland Lodge, Mount Albert.

As one who has given his whole life to the business, he takes every opportunity to tell pupils in public schools the advantages of a banking career. The success of his own should be an incentive to many listeners.


**BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED**

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the dividends listed below on the Company's CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES for the quarter ending 31 December 1954 payable on 3 January 1955 to shareholders of record at the close of business on 10 December 1954. In respect of shares represented by any share warrant, the said dividends will be payable on or after 3 January 1955 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada on presentation of the respective dividend coupons listed below:

| Series | Coupon No. | Dividend Per Share |
|---|---|---|
| 4% | 31 | $1.00 |
| 4½% | 1 | $0.50* |
| 4¾% | 25 | $1.18 |
| 5% | 9 | $0.63 |

*For the period starting on 13 October 1954.

By Order of the Board.

G. G. WOODWARD,
Assistant Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
2 December 1954

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

**ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Head Office, 360 St. James Street West, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the 13th day of January, 1955, at 11 o'clock a.m. Shareholders will be asked to consider and, if deemed advisable, to enact a by-law increasing the authorized capital stock of the Bank from Fifty Million Dollars ($50,000,000) to One Hundred Million Dollars ($100,000,000).

By Order of the Board.

T. H. ATKINSON
General Manager

Montreal, Que., December 7, 1954

**The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada LIMITED**

**DIVIDEND NO. 99**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Thirty-five cents (35c) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 31st day of December, 1954, payable on the 15th day of January, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 17th day of December, 1954.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.,
December 10, 1954.

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Provincial and
Municipal Bonds
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Company of Canada
DIVIDEND
*15¢ a share — rate of 6% per annum payable January 15, 1955 to shareholders of record December 31, 1954*
J. WILSON BERRY
*President and General Manager*

**BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED**
DIVIDEND No. 5

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of Twenty-five Cents per Share on the Common Shares has been declared for the three months ending 31st December, 1954, payable by cheque dated 15th January, 1955, to all shareholders of record as at the close of business on 21st December, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
G. G. WOODWARD,
Vancouver, B.C. Assistant Secretary.
2nd December, 1954.

# Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

## *Altex Oils*

WOULD YOU *recommend keeping or selling 500 shares of Altex Oils Limited purchased at 55 cents?—W. L. L., St. John's, Newfoundland.*

The annual report of this company showed the company had net oil reserves of 415,000 barrels and its share of oil production from its interests in 22 producing wells, which amount to 3.28 wells, was $139,692. Considering that 2,350,005 shares of the 4 million share capitalization have been issued, the oil reserve and financial position of the company are not too encouraging.

The one bright spot which might encourage some speculative activity in the shares is the company's 10 per cent participation in an 11,498 acre block of leases at Rocky Mountain House where two successful wells have been completed and a third one is drilling.

In view of the loss entailed at selling here at 33 cents, it would seem worthwhile to hold on and hope for a while.

## *Pacific Petroleums*

I HOLD *a fair number of shares of Pacific Petroleums Limited for which I paid $8.50 last summer. As it is now selling at $12 I am wondering whether to take my profit or hold on in hopes of further gain. Would you tell me what your chart shows on this stock?—A. M., Toronto.*

The accompanying chart of Pacific Petroleums, which condenses the price movements since March of 1953, illustrates the broad movements that have occurred in the price of the stock. From the high of 13¼, which marked the top of the recovery from the long decline in 1952, which carried the price down from 15¾ to 9¾, another slump carried the stock to a September low of 6¾. Then, as hopes for the approval of the Westcoast Transmission project to take gas from the fields controlled by Pacific Petroleums and its associates in the Peace River district to the Vancouver-Seattle markets were raised, the stock again advanced to 12¾ in April of this year.

The flat pattern that followed, with each attempt to advance being halted at 11¾ by heavy selling, indicated distribution of considerable proportions and as hopes began to fade, this pattern of distribution was repeated under the $11 mark. With the announcement that the Federal Power Commission had awarded the franchise to supply the Pacific Northwest States to American interests, the stock fell precipitously to reach a low this August of 6½.

Since that time the price has slowly edged upwards until now, at 12, the price has reached the heavy levels of distribution which were laid down in 1952 and 1953 in the 12-14 range.

At this price the stock is statistically over-valued. The present market price of 12 places a valuation on the company of $53.4 million, while total assets are shown in the last balance sheet at $15,896,397.

With the company showing a deficit in working capital of $1,521,051 and the surplus account showing a total of $567,945, it is evident that the company is in need of additional financing with working capital being supplied by a bank loan of $4,250,000. Production income of $836,431 seems hardly sufficient to restore the working capital position.

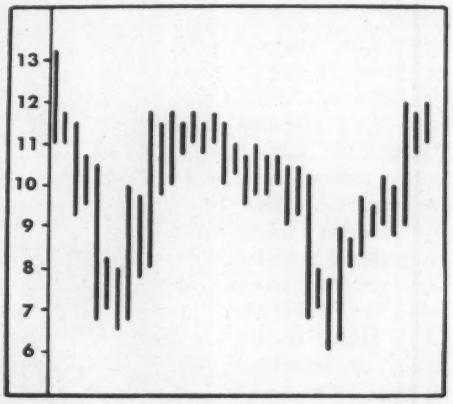

*Chart by N. A. de Munnik*

The present price of the stock must be considered to be based on purely speculative buying and, unless some exceptional news is forthcoming, the price appears to be bumping against a heavy ceiling of offerings and the taking of your profit seems warranted.

## *Prospectors Airways*

I HAVE *shares of Prospectors Airways Company purchased at $3.95. Would you please give me some information on this company and would you advise me to hold or sell this stock?—Mrs. L. M. S., Montreal.*

This company is the prospecting subsidiary of Anglo-Huronian Limited, which holds approximately 47 per cent of the outstanding 2,280,000 shares.

It is also a large shareholder in several other mining companies including Falcon-

bridge, International Nickel, and Kerr-Addison.

The company has been active in exploration in many areas, but its main interests of late have been divided between the Manitouwadge area, where 150 claims are held about 20 miles west of the Geco property, and the Pelly River area in the Yukon. A considerable drilling program has been underway on the Pelly River ground for some time, but the company states that the drilling results released last summer are insufficient to permit an appraisal of the discovery. A full report is expected to be released when all the results of this season's exploration are available.

The market action of this stock has been one of wide, and often rapid, price changes since the low point of $1.10 was reached in 1952. Early in 1953 it advanced rapidly to $4.65, dropped sharply to $2.80 and recovered just as rapidly in May to a high of $4.80. By June it had dropped back to $2.30; then a broad advance carried it to a high of $5.70 in October.

This year saw a high of $5.50 reached in March and it again tumbled to a June low of $3.05, advanced again in October to $4.85 and retreated just as rapidly to the present price of $3.15.

From this jagged pattern, which is much too long to present pictorially, it appears that each retreat to around the $3.00 level has placed the stock in a buying position, for when news has appeared the price has consistently moved sharply upwards.

How much substance there is in the current rumor that new financing is being arranged is unknown, but at the present price the stock appears intriguing from a trading angle and seems worth holding in expectation of something developing.

## *Ontario Pyrites*

*WOULD YOU RECOMMEND the purchase of Ontario Pyrites at 95 cents? I understand that new financing is going to be arranged to bring the property into production. What is your estimate of the prospects of this company and possible market action of the stock?—C. T. W., Hamilton, Ontario.*

With the announcement that a financing agreement had been made, market interest returned to this stock after a long period of narrow action between 65 and 95 cents. The recent advance carried the stock to a high for this year of $1.07.

The financing agreement, on which stockholders must vote, provides for a reorganization of the present capital structure on the basis of one new for two old shares.

It also provides for the underwriting of 1 million new shares at $1.50 a share and 1 million at $1.75 a share and options on a further million shares on a price scale from $2.00 to $5.00.

In the last annual report, the company


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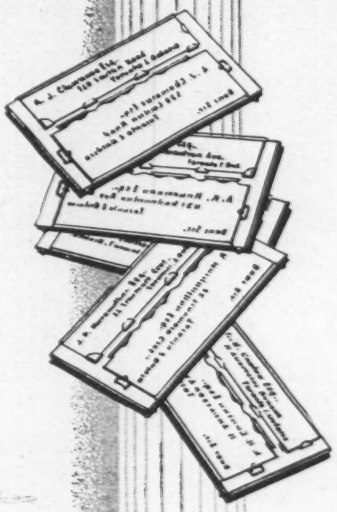

At frequent intervals we publish a "Review and Securities List". It contains articles of current investment interest, particulars of our recent bond and share issues and the market prices of a representative list of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities.

We try to make the "Review" interesting and informative. If you are not receiving a copy regularly, telephone or write to our nearest office. Just ask for the

**"Review and Securities List"**

*— and if you have an investment question, consult us.*

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stated that approximately $6.5 million would be required to bring the property into production with a mill of 1,500 tons capacity daily. The last estimate of ore on the property showed 10,011,725 tons having an average grade of 1.15 per cent copper, 0.81 per cent lead, 3.5 per cent zinc, 0.018 ounces of gold and 1.55 ounces of silver per ton.

As the long decline from the 1952 high of $3.20 to 65 cents last April apparently discounted all the unfavorable aspects of the situation, the present stock appears to be resting on a solid base, with the worst price to be expected on a retreat to be the 75 cents of the underwriting. To distribute the underwritten stock, the underwriters must "make a market" in it. If the chart pattern is interpreted correctly, an advance in the price to $1.20 would likely signal a move that should extend to around $1.75.

Meanwhile, it appears that the stock is in buying range near 80 cents.

## *In Brief*

I HOLD *shares in Elk Oils. Are these of any value?—R. L. M., Ottawa.*

No trace. Sure that wasn't moose?

IN 1947 *I purchased 5,000 shares of Kencour at 25 cents. Are these shares now worth anything or is the company retaining old prospects, seeking new ones or intending further drilling?—J. H., Vancouver.*

No.

I AM HOLDING *some shares of New Richfield Petroleum. I have had a notice from the company it would be wise to purchase shares now to "average down" the over-all cost of the shares. What is your advice?—Mrs. S. M. M., Claresholm, Alberta.*

Don't.

I HOLD 1,000 *shares of Sparmac Petroleums. Please say present value and prospects.—V. S. G., Scarborough, Yorks., England.*

Quoted at 11 cents. That tells the story.

I HOLD 1,000 *shares of Barons Oil Ltd. Is there any prospect of the company doing better or would you advise selling at the present market?—E. J. H., Thornhill, Ont.*

What's left to lose at 4½ cents?

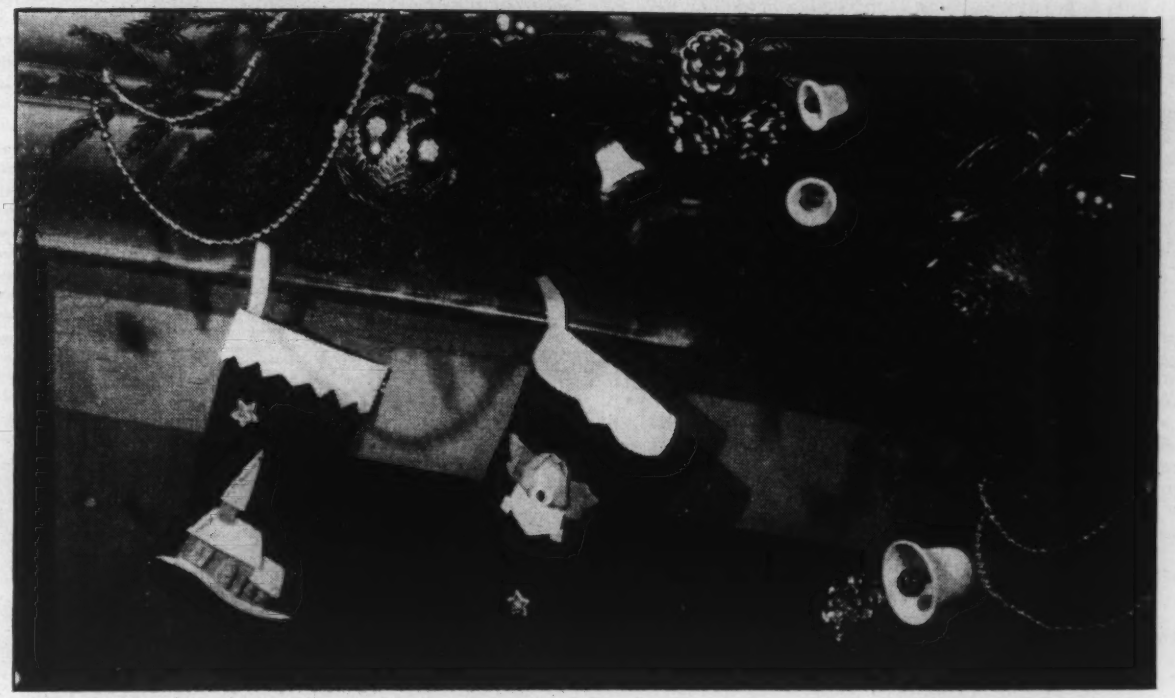
I HAVE *some shares of Kelly Kirkland. Any value? If so, what?—E. G., Kitchener.*

There's no "what".

I BOUGHT *Jonsmith Mines at 27 cents. Should I continue to hold?—M. S. B., Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

. It seems worth holding and might advance on news.

# women



## *Conversation Pieces:*

CHRISTMAS is just a nagging consciousness with us until Dr. Brock Chisholm launches his annual attack against Santa Claus. Dr. Chisholm is a genial twinkling man, with an overall solicitude for the human race. As someone recently pointed out, all he needs is a beard and a red velveteen jacket and stocking cap to make any department store Santa Claus look like a second-rate impostor. But he is the inveterate foe of the Santa Claus Legend, and his warnings have become almost as much a part of the Christmas tradition as holly, mistletoe or Santa Claus himself.

We note that Dr. Chisholm this year has arrived at a working compromise in the matter of Santa Claus. He says it is all right for children to "play Santa Claus", so long as they don't believe in him. From the point of view of the five-year-old, this formula is as meaningless as an empty Christmas stocking. You might just as well tell him that it is all right to "play Indian" as long as he recognizes that the Indian is a legend foisted on him by ignorant and prejudiced adults.

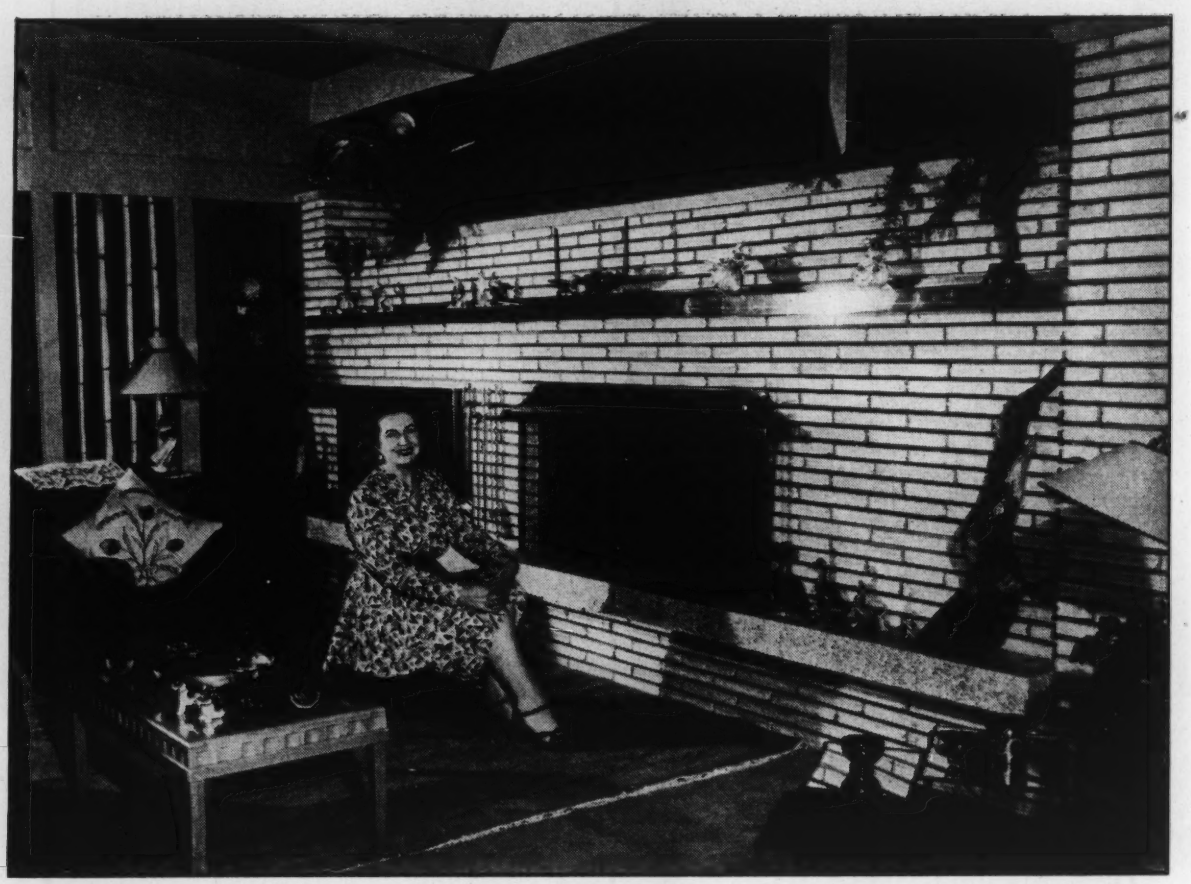
A PRE-CIVIC-ELECTION EDITORIAL from Ottawa went thoroughly into Dr. Charlotte Whitton's disqualifications as civic leader (truculence, tactlessness, inability to get along with colleagues, etc.) but added that she was "an urbane and charming hostess". As it worked out, Dr. Whitton after a remarkable series of strategic retreats and advances came back triumphantly as Ottawa's Mayor, largely, a post-election Ottawa dispatch noted rather sourly, because of the ardent support of a group of middle-aged feminine workers. (Note to politicians: never underestimate the power of a woman in the Whitton age-group.)

With the blessing of the electorate Mayor Whitton can continue to conduct dinner parties and break up quorums, make the path of the guest smooth and the way of the City Council as rough as possible. We wish Her Worship a very Merry Christmas. The civic arena is ordinarily a pretty dull business and outsiders at least are grateful for someone who can, on occasion, light it up like a bonfire.

WE READ THAT Christian Dior is now busy on a Dior design for men. The details aren't available yet and we can't tell whether or not the new design will carry the low-swung, high-bosom Dior principle into men's suitings. We haven't even been able so far to track down the rumor that the new suit will contain fifteen pockets.
In any case, the fifteen-pocketed man's suit brings up a problem we have been mulling over for years. Men have too many available pockets already. Women haven't any.

Occasionally we are allowed one or two pockets, with the warning that pockets are intended for line and not for use. These are no help at all, particularly at a cocktail party. Consider the predicament of a woman in this situation. All her emergency equipment — cosmetics, kleenex, glasses, cigarettes, aspirin and a dime to call the baby-sitter — must be crammed into a little bag which she carries under her arm and can't get at, if she isn't to spill her glass or set herself on fire. The transportation and disposal of all this equipment is a complicated problem in logistics which men never have to meet, because men have pockets.

Our grandmothers, who never attended cocktail parties, had big pockets built right into the folds of their skirts. They were capacious enough to hold anything, and were usually used for cough-drops. If Mr. Dior wants to creep into the feminine heart, he might restore grandmother's skirt pocket, or, failing that, something useful and departmentalized, like a carpenter's apron.



THE FIREPLACE *in the Victoria home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Robinson is made of cream-and-cocoa colored bricks. The woodwork of the walls and ceiling is painted a pale apple green, with contrast in the Colonial red of the panelling. The carpet is sage green; the chair is mulberry.*

*Photo: Bill Halkett*

# *Fireplaces:*

## *as handsome as any that Santa will see*

*William Kensit*

THE FIREPLACE *of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ross, Edmonton, is made of native split field stone. The iron fender-bench is upholstered in spotted cowhide; a white cowhide cushion covers the wrought iron chair. The broadloom rugs are green. Color is added to complement the log walls (the house is built of logs) by the tapestry over the doorway and the fringed hanging (left of fireplace) of an oil painting of Canterbury. Mrs. Ross is standing beside the fireplace.*

*Climos Studio*

SEATED *beside her fireplace is Mrs. J. McG. Stewart of Halifax. The mantelpiece is genuine Adam, made of hand-carved pine with the ram's head and trophy motifs characteristic of his designs. The fire basket, irons and fender are also Adam. Above the mantel is an oval Chippendale mirror of carved pine and gesso.*

*Photo: Lorne Burkell*

A FIREPLACE *set on the bias (with a straight chimney) is the unique feature in the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Pickford, Calgary. It is eight feet long and a window (under which runs a continuation of the biscuit colored Roman brick of the fireplace) takes up the rest of the 17-foot wall. The room is lined in gumwood, has a pitched beam ceiling and a random ship's decking oak floor. The braided rugs were made by Mrs. Pickford and the furniture is of the early American period. The drapes, in plain dark blue sacking, are offset by the chintz covered chairs, in a floral design on raisin brown.*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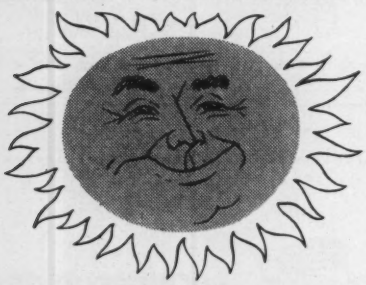

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# Letters

## *Sterilization*

THE BRISK way SATURDAY NIGHT (Dec. 4) settles the Baltimore sterilization case seems to be a curiously neat bit of sloppy thinking. On what grounds does the law decree the sterilization of this woman? Because she has had illegitimate children and is certifiably insane? If her condition is as described would not decency and humanity cause her husband to forbear making her pregnant. As regards other men, does not cohabitation with a demented woman come pretty close to rape? Surely it is the duty of her husband, her family and society to protect from assault this unhappy woman, since she is unfit to protect herself. Are we to assume that once she is sterilized it won't matter what happens to her person?

*Toronto* M. J. PHELAN

## *Postal Address*

AT THIS TIME of year the government spends a great deal of our money on advertisements exhorting us to mail early for Christmas. Is it really necessary to bore us not only with the name of the responsible public servant but also with all his fancy trimmings such as "Hon" (presumably an abbreviation for Honor) "Q.C." etc.

If it is, then I suggest it would be more democratic and in keeping with Canada Post Office if Her Majesty's or rather, Canada's Postmaster General signed his name simply "Al Cote".

*Montreal* PATRICK AUSTEN

## *Butter Surplus*

PLEASED as I would be to receive a pound of butter gift-wrapped, I can't see much point in putting Canada's surplus butter hoard in a "sort of refrigerated Fort Knox" (SN, Dec. 18). Why not grease the sticky path of Canadian culture with it? By turning it over to our young, unappreciated and impoverished sculptors you would give them employment, a malleable medium at no expense and raise the spirits of the rest of us whenever we looked at the rich glow (no artificial coloring added) of a fine piece of butter sculpture. Keeping them in the Canadian winter climate should prove no problem; besides, the supply seems as limitless as the subject possibilities. The Minister of Agriculture and the heads of the dairy industry are obvious choices. . .

(MRS. WM.) AGNES STEELE
*Shawinigan Falls, Que.*

## *BC Conservatives*

YOUR ISSUE of Dec. 4 contains an article by J. A. Stevenson on the Progressive Conservative situation in British Columbia. Quite concise for a writer 2,500 miles away.

The facts are—the BC Association of the Conservative party (mark you, not the Federal Association) is a rump party made up of old die-hards. It's a self-admiration Association misled by a young fellow who in less than two years has run his party underground. The question now is who and what does he lead? At the last provincial election, only one of his followers was returned, but after the obnoxious "Vernon Motion" even he walked out of the party. Besides, all the good Conservatives have disassociated themselves with this bunco leadership. . .

*Vancouver* W. HOWARD THOMAS

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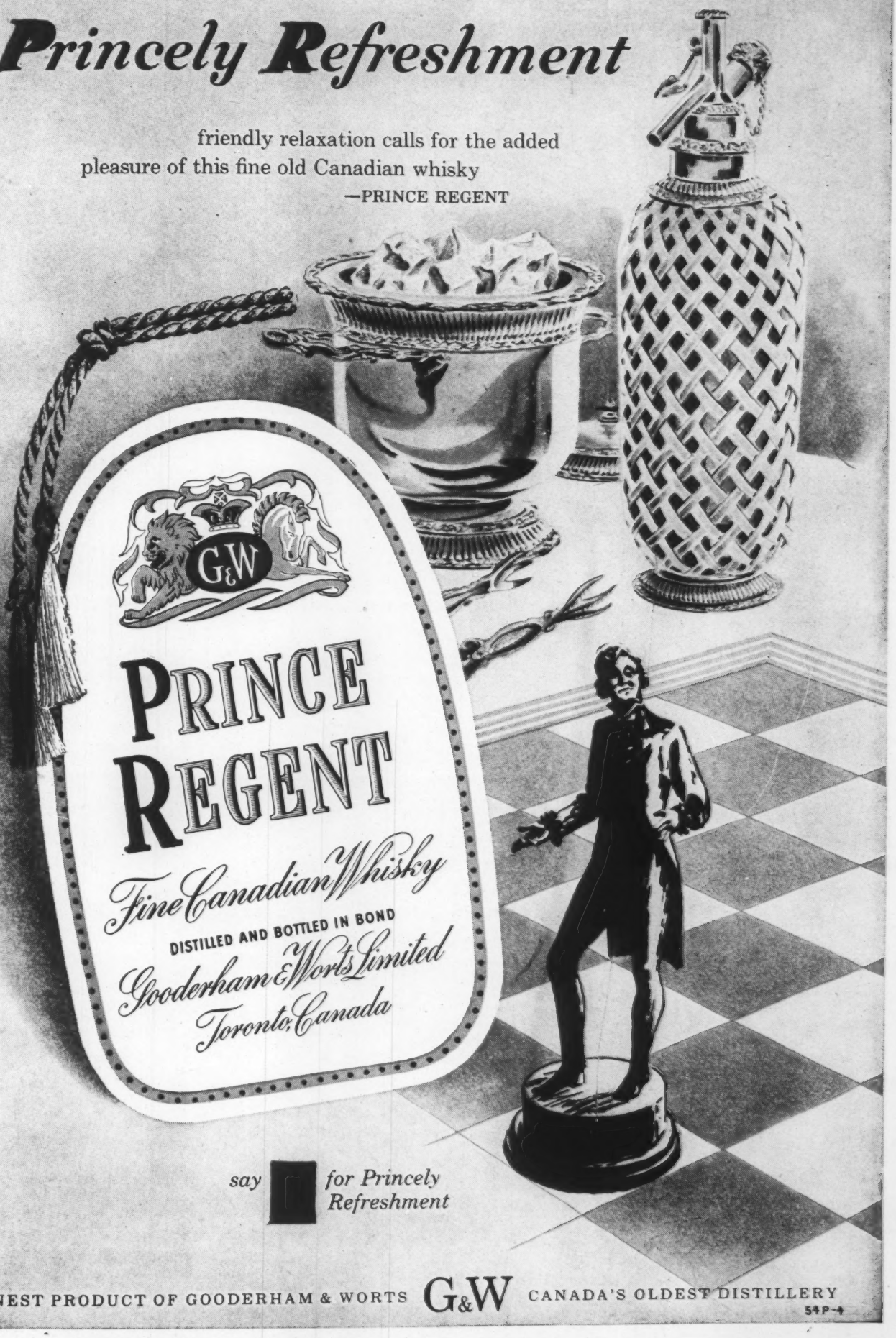


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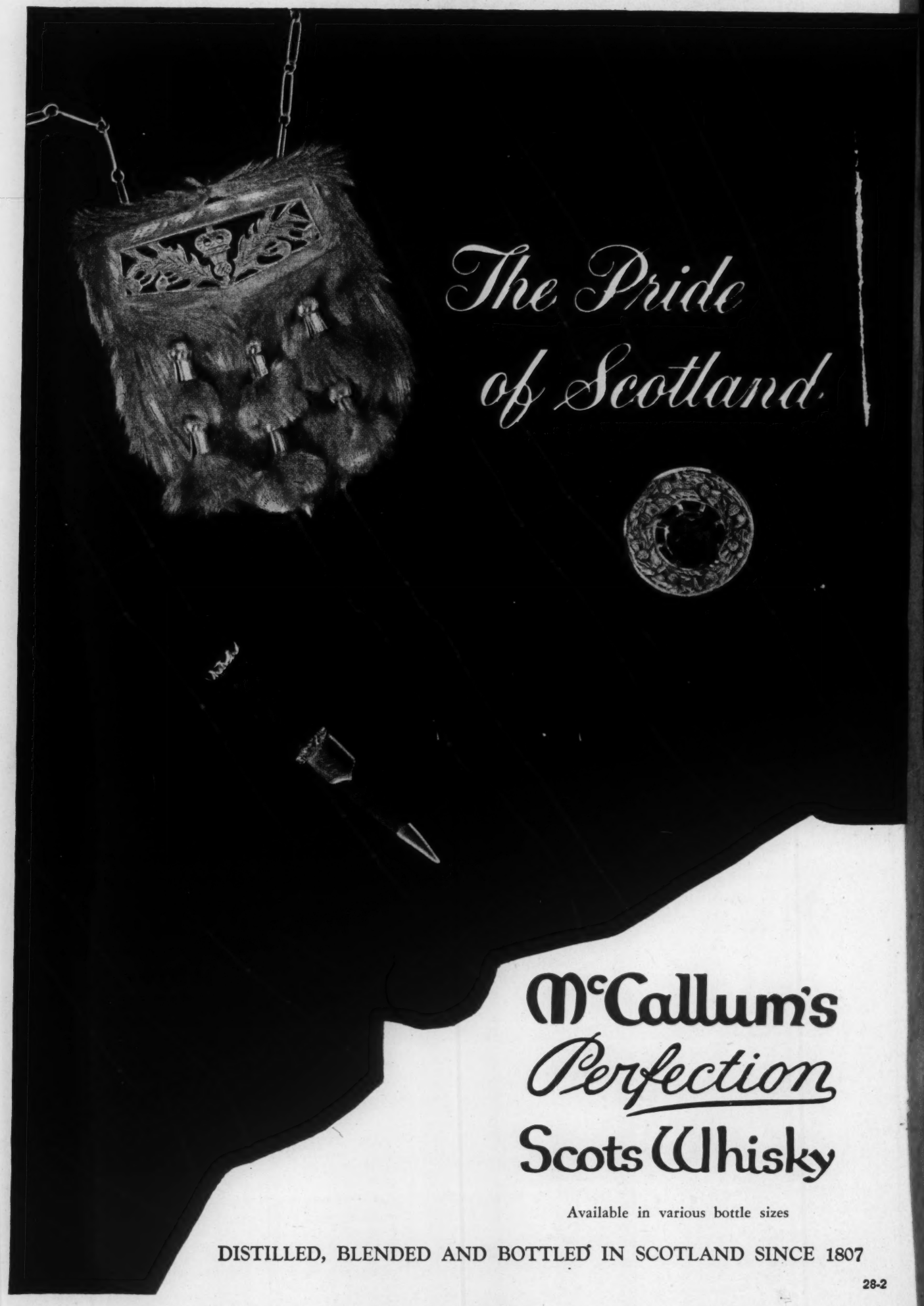
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